THE MOUNTAIN MASSACRE

by

G. M. N. PARKER

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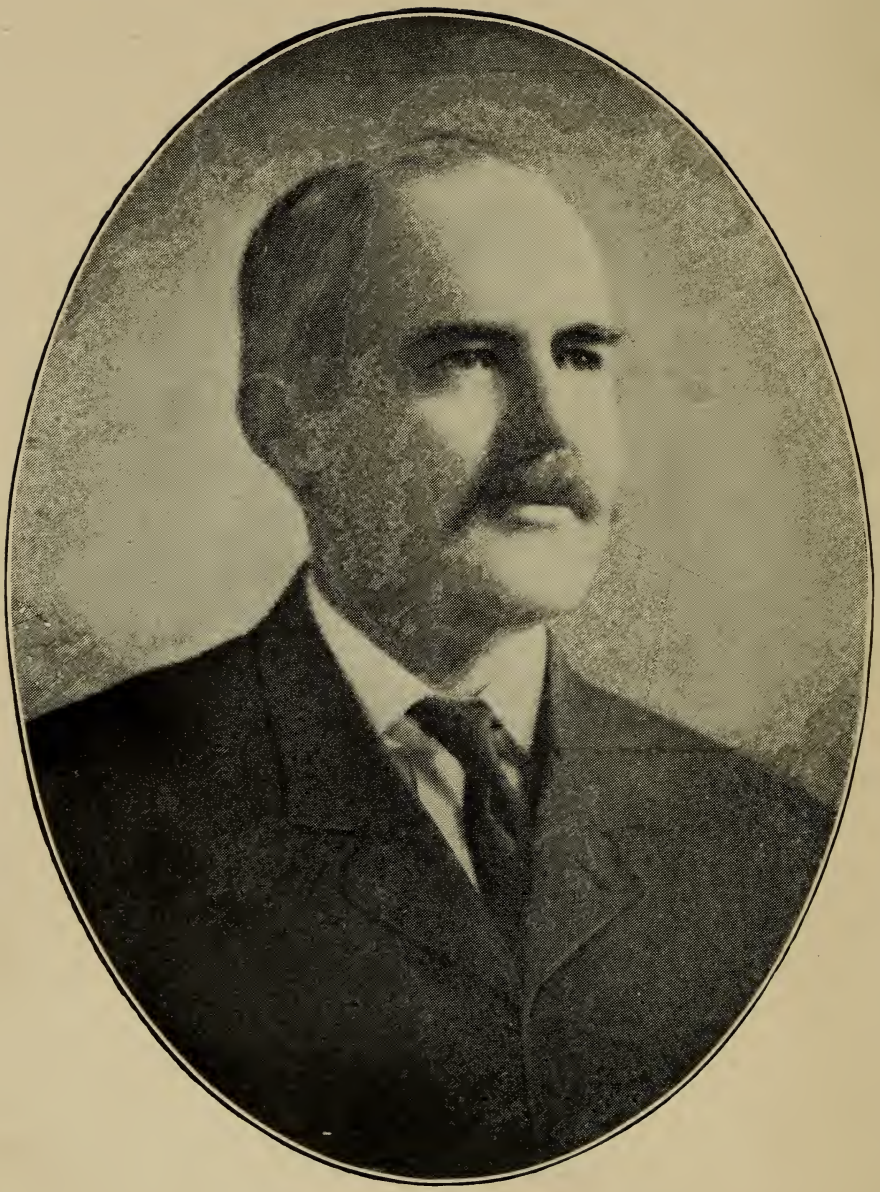

JUDGE THORNTON L. MASSIE
"I saw Sidna Allen shoot me."

THE MOUNTAIN MASSACRE

BY

G. M. N. PARKER

AUTHOR OF
FOOTPRINTS FROM THE CITY TO THE FARM, THE MOUNTAIN MYSTERY, THE KEY TO CONTENTMENT, THE LEAST IS THE LARGEST, CHILDREN IN CHAINS.

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DEDICATED

To all who are helping sturdy peasantry perpetuate sane, simple life on the sacred soil. For when the rural plowboys and milkmaids bid their stepstones good-by and turn their faces toward the cities, leaving only the old folks to keep bossys lowing, roosters crowing, and potatoes growing, a hand like that on Belshazzar's festive hall will write over America—"Gone into bankruptcy."

THE AUTHOR.

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THE MOUNTAIN MASSACRE

THE EVOLUTION OF MAN

IF I undertook to prove that all men evolved from monkeys I would have to break the eight-hour law for ninety-nine years—and then some; while if I undertook to prove that some monkeys evolved from men, I would not have to work forty minutes.

The reason we have so much fuss over man and monkey ancestry is, those who try to prove that man evolved from monkeys are monkeys themselves. I shall therefore give them in allegory some illuminating man-and-monkey history.

In the beginning—and that is the way man-and-monkey history begins—men and monkeys alike took their first degree at the same time in the same arborial lodge, which revealed to them alike that self preservation is the first law of Nature.

Then they parted ways. The monkeys thought one degree was enough, and went back to chattering in the coconut and fig groves, and the men wanted more, and went to making stone hammers, sling-shots and bark canoes. So the monkeys are the fundamentalists, and the men the modernists.

In the course of time—another good man-and-monkey phrase—such men as had made suitable proficiency in the first degree, took the second. This revealed that man and family are one flesh; that the first

law of Nature not only binds him to preserve self, but also self and family.

Thus lifted into more light, their respective cabins became their castles, the range of their sling-shots and bark canoes their domains, the billowing landscape their Bible, and the glories of the firmament their God.

As century after century the different families grew, they were designated as what I shall call the Smith family, Jones family, Johnson family and so on. Since it might be more fitting to speak in Indian Language, let us say Smith tribe, Jones tribe, Johnson tribe and so on. The oldest in each tribe was chief, and each chief treated all the other tribes as common prey.

Slowly the stone hammer was evolved into tomahawk, the sling-shot into bow-and-arrow, and the bark canoe into galley-boat. The first two were used in acquiring more land, and the third, more water.

Generation after generation evolved the galley-boat into larger sail-boats and extended their explorations until one tribe finally discovered a new world in the wild, over which its chief hoisted the sign of possession and named it "America."

They now returned to their home-land and started a stream of the more stalwart to their America. As boatload after boatload landed they built crude cabins along the shore and hewed corn and pumpkin fields out of the forest. Meanwhile, with traps and guns they kept their dinner-pots filled with many kinds of game.

When at last they had made suitable proficiency in the second degree they took the last of the magic three

—the masters' degree. This revealed that God is common father, and that his sons are common brothers; that the first law of nature not only binds them to preserve self and tribe, but also selves and tribes, the Smith tribe, Jones tribe, Johnson tribe and so on, clear down the line.

They could now see that there is no rule but the Golden Rule, and no rights but Mutual Rights. On these two immutable pillars they formed a government under which each one solemnly promised to be a part of the common whole; that the whole would forever protect and defend the life, liberty and individuality of every part; that every part would be president, his wife vice-president, his children his cabinet, his cabin his capitol, and his stumpy corn and pumpkin field his United States.

Tall oaks from little acorns grow. These crude cabins in stumpy corn and pumpkin fields, reached by dim foot-trails, have evolved into cozy cottages and modest mansions, with full bins, bending orchards and green meadows, the latter templed with hay and dotted with happy herds, many beside hard-surfaced highways within hearing of school and church-going bells; and the clumsy contract that bound the thirteen colonial parts into a common whole, has evolved into the immortal Constitution that is piloting all America up the grade to-day.

But long as we have been from and far as we are from the monkey-chattered groves in which was cradled the human race, we still have the three degrees. Some still take the first, then drop back with the

monkeys into self; others still take the second, then swing off into a tribe; and others still take the third, then strike step shoulder to shoulder with those who subordinate everything—even life itself—to the American Constitution.

When the sled was our only vehicle, it was useful; but when the mechanical wizard evolved it into a wagon, the sluggish old sleds disappeared from all but the rural sections. Likewise, when the tribe was our broadest conception of brotherhood, it was useful; but when the sociologists evolved it into a national brotherhood, the low-torched tribes disappeared from all but the rural sections.

The largest of these rural sections is the Appalachians, more seriously than facetiously called by the flat-landers, the lost province. Its south line is the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, which is also the south line of Carroll County, Virginia, the stage on which our pen will stay until the end of the play.

Standing on this line between the flat world and mountain world and looking south, the foothills lower, valleys broaden and streams deepen past the sky-line's tobacco belt to vast corn and cotton fields surrounding modern cities and busy industrial centers, from which school belfreys, church spires and smokestacks pierce the sky—all on steam and electric railroads and hard-surfaced highways—the latter humming with trucks, buses and automobiles. If you gave it the most appropriate name, you would dubb it industrial Dixie.

Turning and looking north, the Blue Ridge at our feet rises awe-inspiringly in evergreen coves and

granite cliffs through the roar of cascades to its chestnut-and-balsam brow, from which the landscape billows in hay-templed meadows, forest-topped mountains, ideal orchards and restful homes beside silver streams to purple peaks that stand around the horizon like saintly sentinels guarding a garden.

Within the memory of grandfathers and grandmothers the people of this section consistently sang:

"We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod."

They had no inclination to trade their mountain world for the flat-land world, and would have been cheated if they had traded. The mountain world did not need the flat-land world as badly as the flat-land world needed the mountain world. They grew their own corn, wheat, buckwheat and rye, and ground them in their own little water mills. They fattened their hogs largely on chestnuts and acorns, and cattle on pumpkins and wild grasses.

They kept in their smokehouses abundant beef, bacon, sausage, lard, kraut, pickled beans and dried fruit, and their springhouses were well filled with milk, cream, butter and cheese. When they wanted fresh meat, they whistled for their hounds and shouldered their guns.

When they wanted clothing they clipped fleece from their own flocks, spun it on their own wheels and wove it on their own looms. The mothers, with needles and thimbles, dressed the lasses in linsey-woolsey, and the

lads in blue jeans, leaving the fathers to tan the hides and make the shoes.

In short, every day was "live at home day." What they ate was home grown, and what they wore was home made. Barring salt, soda, sugar, coffee, powder and lead, they had about as much use for a store as a wagon for five wheels.

They looked to the log schoolhouses for all the literary light they needed in this world, and to the log churches for all they would need in the world to come. The schoolhouses were founded on Webster's blue-back speller and Solomon's rod, and the churches on the Bible and mourners' bench.

When they wanted all the joys in this world, they went to wood-choppings, log-rollings, corn-huskings, shooting-matches, debating societies and singing-schools. And when they wanted a foretaste of all the joys in the world to come, they waited until the late autumn harvestings and early winter butcherings were over and the smokehouses and apple cellars began to smell like Christmas time—then shortened the long winter hours with banjos, fiddles and fox-hounds. The music of the banjos and fiddles sent some of the most pious preachers out of hearing, to keep from losing sight of the evils and dancing; and that of the hounds after a fox made all alike wonder why King David did not trade his harp of a thousand strings for an ox-horn and forty fox-hounds.

No matter how far into the night the matchless music carried them, nor how frosty the windows and deep the drifting snow next morning, the latest sleepers

were up by gray dawn. There was something in the stacks of buckwheat cakes blubbering in yellow butter; something in the smell of the homemade sausage browning in red gravy; something in the bowl of linden honey; something in the steaming coffeepot and cream pitcher beside it; in fact, something in everything that brought them bounding out of bed wide-eyed and off to the wash-pan wondering why it was never in order to eat before combing the hair.

Behind all these—and everything else—with all the pride and importance of the community water mill beside the creek, stood the community distillery beside the brook. Every autumn the fragrance and squeaks of its apple mill were as stirring as those of the cane mill; and wherever the latter sent a barrel of sorghum, it was safe to say the former sent a barrel of brandy.

It was the brandy barrel's business to keep a big bottle full in the cupboard, and the bottle's business to take its place beside the coffeepot at the sitting down to every breakfast and give all a dram. Then it returned to the cupboard and waited sleeplessly to save the lives of all who got too hot, too cold, too wet, too dry, or chanced to think about a pain or ache. It was also its business to welcome all visitors with the offer of a dram.

But many turned it down—up-end-down. Even some of the strongest preachers gave it the up-end-down turn and made it gurgle until it seemed to be saying enough—then smacked their lips, wiped their chins and handed it back saying it was the best they had tasted in a week.

But this was only one of the beady brandy bottle's sides—its social side. On the sacred side it played brazen serpent in the wilderness, to which all could look from rattlesnake and copperhead bites, and live. Talking about living through summer without it was talking about surrendering to serpents; and talking about living through winter without it, was talking about funerals in the family before spring.

True, some lived without it and insisted that all ought to live without it; but they were promptly branded fanatical infringers on personal rights and told that moderate drinking was helpful, while those who drank it immoderately had the personal right to leave it alone.

But little as they thought about it, they were nearing the time when the distillers could no longer sit in the amen corner. They were beginning to quit singing—

"We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod."

The sons had built new homes around the fathers' old ones, broadening the fields and narrowing the forests, until they could no longer fatten their hogs on chestnuts and acorns, and their cattle on pumpkins and wild grasses. They had to lay down the dog and gun, and take up the plow and hoe; hang up the scythe and bulltongue plow, and buy mowing-machines and modern cultivators; discard flails and sleds, and purchase wagons and threshing machines.

In proportion to the increase in population and the

livestock's shift from the forests to the fields, there was more sickness. Typhoid fever, diptheria and other heretofore unheard-of infectious and contagious diseases began to appear frequently, in spots, sometimes in epidemic form, hanging crêpe on many doors. At the same time hog and chicken cholera were beginning to sweep through the valleys in late summer and early autumn, keeping buzzards milling around in the sky.

There was also an alarming increase of drunkenness. Little boys were beginning to go into adolescence craving and quaffing liquor, and into manhood with a bottle in one pocket and a pistol in the other, some even shooting their best friends, some their sweethearts, and some their parents. When brought haggard and handcuffed before the Court and asked why they murdered, they said it was because they were drunk; and when asked why they drank, they said it was because they could not help it.

At that time few believed them. They said every man had the power to drink or leave it alone. But a day was dawning in which they would have to change their minds. One early autumn when typhoid fever and hog cholera were spreading alarmingly in a certain valley, the State Board of Health sent a physician to investigate. Right away he called attention to two laws hardly heard of in the isolated sections, one prohibiting the pollution of the streams, the other compelling homes in which were contagious diseases to quarantine.

Then he led the way to walling springs, installing sanitary drinking fountains, and burning or burying

carcasses from the buzzards. At first some defied these laws on the ground that they encroached on personal rights; but in proportion to their observance, crêpe disappeared from doors and grave diggers from the graveyards.

But the famous physician was not done. He next assembled the citizenry in the community church, mounted the pulpit, picked up a backless Bible, and holding it aloft, began:

"I hold here the book of books. It is fundamental law, written by Moses, the ablest Jurist that ever wore a Judicial robe. In his famous charge to the Jewish world he told them that the Lord their God is a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation; that the father with syphilis in his blood transmits it to his grandchildren, which will likely cause them to be born blind.

"This same Moses, speaking through modern science, says that the appetite for liquor, like syphilis, is transmitted from the parents to the third and fourth generation; that the appetite the parents can control becomes the appetite the children cannot control; that the parents drinking the seemingly harmless morning drams are building appetites for the children, over which they will have no more control than over the color of their eyes or hair. Many are the fathers whose hilarity in convivial clubs sends their sons to wail in prison for life.

"This is saying that while there is such a thing as living for the first generation, there is also such a thing

as living for the third and fourth generation; that while there is such a thing as living for self, there is also such a thing as living for society; that while there are such things as personal rights, there are also such things as public rights.

"A man has a personal right to own a spring, but not a personal right to let it give the public typhoid fever. He has a personal right to let his hog die in his field, but not a personal right to let the carcass give the public's hogs cholera. He has a personal right to grow fruit and grain, but not a personal right to transmute them into whisky and brandy and pass to the public.

"Whisky and brandy as social drinks are more dangerous than cholera and typhoid fever. They transmute sobriety into inebriety, and inebriety is the most dangerous form of insanity. They atrophy all that is good in men, and vitalize all that is bad in them. Though saints when sober, they are demons when drunk. They scatter broken automobiles and human blood along the highways, dig premature graves, fill prisons, wreck homes, send wives and mothers to earn bread with their washboards and scrubbing-brushes, and start children to dulling hunger at garbage cans."

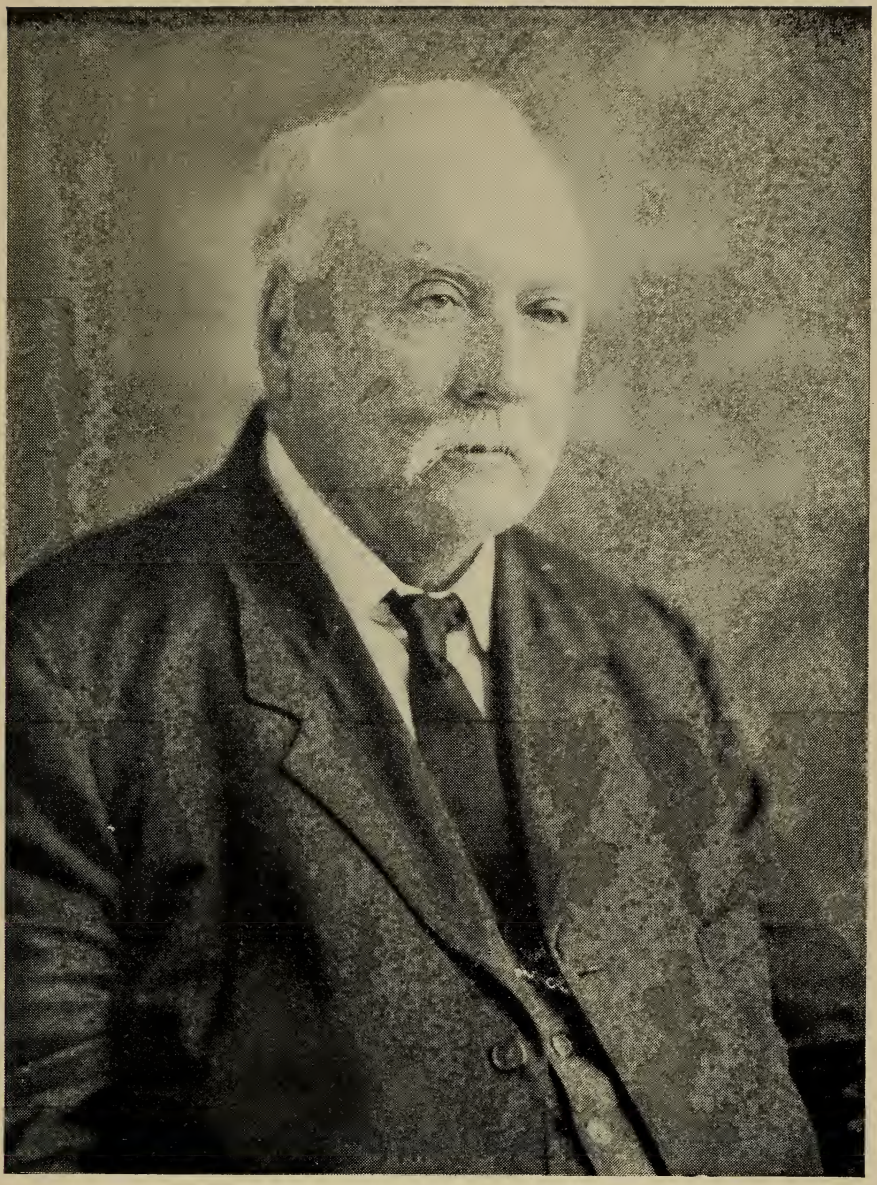
This illuminating address brought the people to see that drunkenness becomes a disease, the same as cholera and typhoid fever; that those on whom it fastens its fangs drink because they cannot help it. It also brought those who had taken the third degree to resolve that with the same stroke they destroyed the cause of

cholera and typhoid fever, they would destroy the cause of drunkenness.

The three-degree men throughout modern America had already so resolved, and with local option and Federal law were slowly driving the distilling desperadoes into mountain caves and wildwood coves. Since these are giving rise to a wide belief that all men in the mountains are moonshining and that, too, in the belief that they are within their personal rights, I want to say a few words in defense of our native mountain people. I want to denounce the white-washing claim of liquor lovers that they religiously believe they are defending their personal rights when they are defying the prohibitory law. Every man who has sense enough to get out of the way of a falling tree knows that defying law is forfeiting personal rights.

I vehemently resent the charge that the native mountaineers are anarchistic idiots. They are as brainy and law-abiding as any people—if not more so; and the leprous lawyers and liquor-loving perjurors who white-wash the mountain criminals with the claim that they think they are doing right when they are doing wrong, are not only anarchists knocking teeth out of our laws, but also Benedict Arnolds betraying the mountains into the control of blockading bands who are making them more notorious for moonshine, manslaughter and murder, than famous for balmy breezes, gorgeous evergreens and silver streams.

It is time we were going out of the white-washing business. We have too much paint on the outside and too much pollution on the inside; too many paint



JUDGE D. W. BOLEN

"I would not sit in the scorner's seat
And hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."

brushes and not enough prison camps. If we sent lawyers to the chain-gang for white-washing murderers with the plea of insanity, and bootleggers with the plea of ignorance; if we made it a penitentiary offense to go insane or ignorant, asylums and prisons would be emptier, life and property safer, and taxes and insurance lower.

While we are at it, let us have a few more "ifs." If we had more iron and less oil; more common sense and less sympathy; if we relied less on prayer and more on prisons; if we conditioned the murderer's pardon on bringing the murdered back to life, we could quit praying for England to come and show us how to reduce crime.

If we let China keep her Confucianism until we quit keeping sectarianism; if we thought less of convivial clubs and pugilistic stadiums, and more of rural plowboys and milkmaids struggling in agricultural and horticultural twilight; if we showed isolated youth less in textile mills and tobacco factories, and more in commercial fruits and canning factories, we could banish the blockaders who are making mountains spell moonshine, and restore the mountain people to leadership in the preservation of our national life and Anglo-Saxon Race.

THE TRIBE

NOTWITHSTANDING Local Option and Federal Law were vociferous Johns the Baptist in the wilderness preparing the way for National Prohibition, they progressed slowly in every Appalachian county—especially Carroll. The cliffy mountains honeycombed with caves and guttered with gorges, darkened with evergreens and tangled vines, through which silver streams leaped and rumbled heard but not seen, made it safe for blockaders, bears and bobcats, but difficult and dangerous for county, state and national officers.

Another thing, some whose outstanding potentialities recommended them as ideal leaders along all uplifting lines, were high-handed hinderers. Chief among these were the growing notorious Allens. They were located on the southern part of our stage—Carroll County—where meet the mountains and plains, whose respective breezes and beauties—blended into one—makes every scene a smile and and every sound a song. Characteristic of the sons of this soul-swelling section, they were robust, red-blooded, iron-willed, high-strung, alert, versatile yeomen, with comfortable homes, bacon in the smokehouse, corn in the crib, hay in the mow, honey in the hives, and milk and butter in the springhouse.

Like uncrowned kings of colonial days, they topped

their luxuries with blue-ribboned saddle-horses on which they crowned their ambitions with the belief that they were the Arabian Knights of Carroll. Had they let their inspirational environments lift them to the limit of their possibilities, they could have pranced on a par with the white horse and his rider of apocalyptic fame.

Putting the oak in the acorn, they had all it takes to make life sweet, and all that could stir to make society safe. But they did not respond. They stopped their climb at the halfway house. They never took the third degree. When they took the degree of self, and of self and family, they swung off into an Allen tribe which they translated into a clan that made kinship the condition of membership and bond of union.

Modern America has not stopped to think about it, I fear, and many isolated sections are afraid to more than think about it, I know, but any clan, whether of Hatfields, Allens are whatnot; no matter how much creed and Constitution in which it cloak; no matter how immaculate its mask and effulgent its fiery cross, it is founded on class prejudice; and any clan founded on class prejudice is a trinity whose father, son and holy ghost is selfishness, arrogance and intolerance. Like the baby lion, it may appear harmless at birth, but when old enough to enter politics, its badge is skull and cross-bones, and the end thereof is death.

The kinship clan is more dangerous than any other —not only because blood is thicker than water, but also because the more intoxicating the dope, the more dangerous the drunkness; and selfish, arrogance and

intolerance, the trinity on which all clans are founded, is more intoxicating than Scotch whisky. Some say a teaspoonful of whisky will make an ordinary tom-cat believe it can whip a lion; and a half-pint make a one-armed dotard believe he can whip a Jack Dempsey; but the Allen clansmen became so intoxicated on selfishness, arrogance and intolerance that they thought they could whip the Commonwealth's Court in Carroll. This—in a way—gave Carroll two governments, one by the County, and the other by the clan.

Another characteristic common to the clansmen was the individuality of their duality and the speed with which they could swing from either to the other. When the breeze blew to suit them they were satisfactory citizens; but the moment it turned, they were fire-eyed demons. Then their pistols were as visible and as much a part of them as the horns are a part of a Texas herd, and they used them without regard to kith, kin or kind. Take a look at this characteristic through Floyd, the clan's flagman.

When the clansmen were distributing their father's estate, Floyd and his brother Jasper got into a wrangle over the division of several barrels of brandy, in the midst of which Floyd jerked out his pistol and fired at Jasper, splitting the scalp on top of his head, sprawling him unconscious to the ground. He snapped at him again, but his pistol failing to fire, he beat him with it until it flew out of his hand—then grabbed a stone and struck him near the base of the brain. This blow counteracted that of the bullet and restored Jasper to consciousness, whereupon he wiped the blood out of

his eyes and sent two bullets through Floyd's abdomen.

Physicians came and patched the punctured intestines, but left so little hope of his recovery that Floyd sent for Jasper, claiming that he wanted to make peace with him before crossing the divide. But this proved to be a ruse born on the border of the beyond. When Jasper with bandaged head approached Floyd's bed the latter pulled a pistol from under his pillow to shoot him, but a brother standing by caught his hand.

Another example: Floyd wanted to buy his brother's farm, but at his own price. While waiting for the acceptance of his offer, an ideal neighbor—Combs—bought it at the brother's price. As penalty for "butting in," Floyd shot him in the leg, inflicting a serious wound. For this he was haled before the Court and sentenced to an hour in jail and cost. A shockingly short sentence for so grave a felony, but the Court feared the clansmen, and made the sentence light on the theory that the safest and easiest way out was to follow the line of least resistance.

But the way out was not easy enough for Floyd. He told the Court in language that had but one meaning, profanely expressed, that he was not in the going to jail and paying fine business.

The reply was a message to the governor, that brought his pardon from the prison sentence, and he in turn went to Combs and made him pay the fine—under threat of death.

The last example: By common consent, the place of religious worship—from the brick church on the corner to the brush-arbor in the wild—is considered holy

ground—the one place where conduct must be exemplary. At a certain Sunday service held in a rural schoolhouse—the last step toward the brush-arbor—two of Floyd's nephews, in a brawl back of the schoolhouse, whipped some young men—then hied across the state line into North Carolina, which was only a mile or two away.

But it is hard to flee from the Lord. The national tendency to protect religious worship pays so little attention to state lines that Carroll's officers crossed over and arrested the belligerent nephews and started to the County Seat—Hillsville. A report of the arrest spread like wildfire in front of them, and when they arrived at a store a few miles on the way, they met a waiting squad of Allens, who took their pistols from them, beat them brutally and liberated the nephews.

We here drop the narrative, but shall take it up and carry it on to completion in due time.

Having briefly viewed the clansmen through Floyd, their flagman, we shall now view them from another angle, through one of his brothers, Sidna. Sidna was a chip off the old block, and more—in some respects; more crafty, cruel and covetous. Vocationally, he was farmer, carpenter and commercialist. Though like all the others in that he was lacking in literary polish, he had broadened his intellectual horizon beyond that of his fellows with a trip to Klondike.

Due largely to this trip, perhaps, he returned with such a mania for money that he wanted more gateways to gold. In addition to farming, carpentering and merchandising, he associated himself with his tenant—

one Dickens—and purchased a plating machine. To say the least, this looked suspicious. A plating machine in a rural road-side store was as anachronistic as a canning factory on the desert.

In a short time the two platers began to make frequent trips, sometimes in one direction and sometimes in another, and coincidentally strange, counterfeit gold coins appeared in their wake. Uncle Sam's Sleuths began to sniff around, and finally arrested them. Sidna gave bond for appearance at the next term of Federal Court in Greensboro, N. C., but Dickens went to prison. Soon after, he wrote Sidna, requesting him to bond him out, assuring him that he was going to assume full responsibility for the counterfeiting.

This letter said much on the lines, but more between them. Going from the tenant to the landlord—from the servant to the master—it made far-scenting sleuths smell a scapegoat.

At the next session of the Federal Court in Greensboro the clansmen were there en masse. This gave serious color to the underground rumor that Sidna was not going to prison; that if convicted, he and his mob would massacre the Court and go home.

Due to this rumor, when the counterfeiting case was called, the Government's quickest under-cover men were strategically stationed, gripping trusty guns, and eyes were on every Allen. And had they undertaken to carry out their threats, every clansman drawing a gun would have gone home a corpse.

True to his epistolary promise, Dickens went before the Jury and swore he was full owner and operator of

the counterfeiting machine, which resulted in Sidna's acquittal. But there was so much in his testimony and so much behind Sidna's, that the Court scathingly rebuked the Jury for being a party to such a palpable miscarriage of justice—also had Sidna arrested for perjury. Sidna gave bond for appearance at the next term of Court, and Dickens went to the penitentiary for five years. He soon recanted, however, and swore that Sidna was full partner in the counterfeiting scheme.

Why Dickens submitted to giving the Court grounds for the belief that he was Sidna's scapegoat has but one answer—he knew the Allen law—do as told or die.

Sidna's trial for perjury resulted in his conviction, but the Supreme Court granted him a new trial, which was never called, the reason for which will be revealed later on. It is enough to say here that while the Carroll people were afraid to say so, all the informed were positive that he was guilty as charged. In fact, all in common looked upon him as the counterfeiting titan, and upon Dickens as his trembling tool.

THE CARROLL COURT

HAVING staged the two leaders of the notorious Allen clan, we shall now go on and stage the officers of the Carroll Court.

As Carroll evolved she spoke less in terms of county and more in terms of state. She could see more clearly that she was not only a part of the great state of Virginia, but that the great state of Virginia was a part of her. The man who now said she could build a wall around herself and tell the rest of the world to stay out, was talking in the language of a primitive tribe.

As she evolved up to harmony with the standards set by the state, she dropped more of the primitive than the dog, gun, scythe and bulltongue plow. She dropped some of the antiquated errors in county government, among which was County Judge. By revision of the State Constitution, he was evolved to Circuit Judge, who at this time was Judge Thornton L. Massie. Though handicapped by the loss of an arm, he was brilliant, brave, broad, and as clean as a blowing rose. Never did justice jubilate nor crime cringe more in a courthouse than when he was on the bench.

The popular Judge's assistants were: W. M. Foster, Commonwealth's Attorney; Lew Webb, Sheriff, and Dexter Goad, Circuit Clerk. In the election of these,

Carroll paid herself as high a tribute as could be borne at the ballot-box; not only because her electorate was made up of clean, constructive craftsmen of native birth, but also because their fully demonstrated foresight was the highest guaranty of safety in the transition from the old to the new—from primitive to progressive—from part to whole—from second to the master's degree. Their unceasing war-cry was—better roads, better homes, better schools, and a general awakening to slumbering resources.

With their superior foresight they saw that the scientific development of the products best suited to their section would bring the dairying, cattle raising, fruit and vegetable growing crown to Carroll.

More than their marvelous foresight, they held in common the rare sixth sense that not only makes leaders, but also constrains the multitude to follow. With this sense they were developing a county fellowship and coöperation that sociological sages would do well to have torch their literature.

Thus stood the Carroll Court, in contrast with the Allen clan. We shall now keep our eyes on both for a time.

THE MOUNTAIN MASSACRE

IT WAS the 13th of March—1912—early in the morning. The superstitious called it unlucky, but all in common called it muddy, cloudy, and cold. Hillsville—the unpretentious County Seat—on a high ridge—split through the center by the muddy road—looked lonesome. Its only signs of life were blue smoke pluming up from kitchen chimneys in contrast with the low-hanging clouds, and a smell of breakfast like that from country homes.

As if tantalizing the chimney smoke, fragments of fog for weather-flags were wriggling up from the valleys to the mountain peaks, where they signified rain; while in the meadows, cattle were filing shiveringly toward the remains of rail-fenced stacks, now and then looking off toward farm homes and lowing as if for the feeders to hurry on.

Chickens and turkeys were scattering from barnlots to the hillsides, a rooster now and then stopping to crow in the face of threats of rain; while crows were winging silent and high, some to corn-shocks in back fields and others to cawings faintly heard in strips of mountaintop forest.

Here the quiet old hotel bell tinkled on the veranda, starting a stamping of boarders and bumping of chairs, and soon others tinkled in private homes.

With breakfasts over, stores began to open, sprinklers to spatter, and brooms to swish out knife whittlings, peanut hulls and stogy stubs; while at the Courthouse smoke was rising sluggishly from the chimney, and the janitor was punctuating the swishes of his broom with shifting seats and sliding windows.

By this time legal Sages, some with rolls of papers and others with law books, were mounting the Courthouse steps—all looking as if much were on their minds.

Already country people were streaming in—some on foot and some on horses—the former following the footways close outside the fences, and the latter splashing along the center of the muddy road.

Soon whinnies were mingling with brays at the hitch-racks, dogs growling and bristling in pairs along the sidewalks and around store porches, and people paddling muddy-footed up the steps into the Courthouse. Everything—even the air itself—seemed to say that Carroll was going to have an exciting trial that day.

This was true. Floyd Allen was to be tried for his heretofore mentioned leadership in beating up the officers and releasing his belligerent nephews. While this case was packing the Courthouse to a premium for standing room, an important discussion was going on in the Judge's private office by the Judge, County Officials and the clansmen's leading lawyer. The County Officials sensed trouble. As a precaution, they requested the Judge to disarm all entering the Courthouse.

The clansmen's lawyer replied that it might be choos-

ing the larger of the two evils; that letting them retain their arms might be safer than undertaking to disarm them; that having had a talk with Floyd, their flagman, on the subject, he thought that letting them retain their arms would guarantee that no trouble would arise. Under this sincere representation the Judge acquiesced, the conference adjourned, Court opened and the battle began between the Commonwealth's lawyers and those of the Allen clan; a battle that was to determine whether Carroll would remain under clan rule, or become a star in the Commonwealth's crown.

W. M. Foster, leading the prosecution, and Judge Bolen the defense, were legal gladiators of the first rank, and at their best. With the daring of Damascus steel and alertness of a Logan and a Lee, they contested every inch of the way—made every witness a rope in their tug-of-war and every tug a reference to stacks of law. After which eloquence flowed from legal fountains until late in the afternoon. Then the case was given to the Jury and Court adjourned, leaving no hope of hearing a verdict before morning.

The crowd now rose, stiffly, jostled disappointedly downstairs and disintegrated to their respective homes mentally asking—What will be the Jury's verdict—and what will be the result?

Next morning dawned with winter waging a losing fight against spring with guests of wind and fleets of black clouds, the latter spasmodically showering melting snow, and the former moaning through the strips of forest as if homeless, hungry and cold.

Nevertheless, all roads still led to Hillsville, and

many travelers were soon Hillsville bound. True, the footways had not so many, but the highways had more.

Why did so many home-loving Carrollites turn from cheerful wood fires and face spasmodic showers of melting snow, driven by a whipping wind, to the Hillsville Courthouse?

I am not a Psychologist nor Telepathist, neither know I any premonitory paths; but there is some kind of medium through which coming events cast their shadows before them. They may be so dim that they are seen only in outline; so dim that none can tell whether they portend crêpe on the door or carnations on the lapel; but they are nevertheless so stirring that they start receptive minds—so common in the mountains—toward the substance—looking though it be for they know not what.

Thus started many Carrollites to Hillsville. They knew they were going to see something out of the ordinary, but what they knew not. And they were not the only ones, either. When they arrived in the Capital village and took seats in the Courthouse, they could see apprehension on every face—especially on those of the Court Officials. Though cool and composed, Judge Thornton L. Massie, the one-armed Judge on the bench; W. M. Foster, Commonwealth's Attorney; L. F. Webb, Sheriff; and Dexter Goad, Circuit Clerk, all seated at their respective posts of duty, seemed to be breathing ominous air.

Here the silence was broken by a shuffling of many unseen feet, and all eyes turned and watched the Jury

file in, face the Court and say—"We, the Jury, find Floyd Allen guilty as charged."

Judge Bolen, like a drowning gladiator grabbing at straw, believing he saw a technical error in the Jury's verdict, rose and requested that Floyd be released under bond until he could file a motion to set aside the verdict.

Judge Massie replied that he would hear the motion the following day. Then turning to Sheriff Webb, told him to take charge of the prisoner. As the latter started toward Floyd, clansmen pistols began popping, bullets zipping, Courthouse officials dropping, wounded groaning, women screaming, and the crowd scrambling pell-mell to doors and windows.

Presently the pistol popping lulled, and the firing fiends swept out through the stifling smoke after the jurymen, who were fleeing down stairs and across lawns to hiding behind houses.

Here Dexter Goad, Circuit Clerk, who was stunned by a clan bullet through his cheek and out at the back of his neck, recovered from the shock, grabbed a revolver, darted out and began shooting at the clansmen, wounding Sidna Allen in the shoulder and splintering the femur bone in his brother Floyd's leg, which checked their pursuit of the fleeing jurymen.

With Goad's revolver now silent for lack of cartridges, the massacre was over. The clansmen's bullets had reached all that their most hellish hatred had marked. When the pall of smoke dissipated out through the doors and windows, it revealed W. M.

Foster and L. F. Webb dead, and Judge Massie, A. C. Fowler, Foreman of the Jury, and sweet little Betty Ayers, Commonwealth's witness, mortally wounded. Many others were bullet-marked, some seriously.

All these were massacred on duty—massacred while strengthening society's walls against anarchy—died that patriotic posterity might live. The mildest title for the savage slaughter is—"The Mountain Massacre." But for length, I would call it—"Carroll Court Crucified on the Cross of the Allen Clan."

Dear Old Dominion tied crêpe on the door, bowed her head and wept. So did America—so did the civilized world. Who would not turn toward Hillsville, as toward Calvary, wipe away a tear, and with one hand clasping his drawn sword, and the other lifted in patriotic wrath, swear by the Great Avenger of human wrongs that the blood of the Courthouse Martyrs should be his banner, under which his sword would not be sheathed until the last fragment of clanism is scourged from Virginia—from the whole United States!

With pale, palpitating Hillsville pulling herself together to nurse the wounded and dress the dead, the Allen clansmen, with Floyd limping from the bullet that splintered the bone in his thigh, and Sidna shrugging from the sting of one in the shoulder, went to mount their horses. When Floyd threw all his weight on his splintered leg, to put the foot of the other in the stirrup, the bone snapped, dropping him to the ground in agony.

They carried him to a clansman's buggy, but by this time the pain was so severe they took him to an abandoned annex to a hotel and put him on a cot where they left him in the care of relatives, then mounted their horses and started home.

But there was a depressing difference between the before and after. In the calm following the storm, the clansmen began to realize that Carroll was a part of Virginia; that Carroll's Court was Virginia's Court; that Virginia's Court was stronger than the now flagless Allen clan.

By this time they were cowering. Every breath they breathed; every splash of their horses' feet through the mud; in fact, every inch of everything visible and invisible was a telepathic tongue telling them that at that moment the Mother State was crying by telegraph, telephone and fleet feet for all to arm and help capture every Allen clansman—dead or alive.

Those trillion telepathic tongues talked truthfully. For before the clansmen were a mile from their massacred the following message was flashed to Richmond:

"To Wm. Hodges Mann, Governor,
"Richmond, Va.

"Send troops to Carroll County at once. Mob violence. The Court, Commonwealth's Attorney, Sheriff, some jurors and others shot on conviction of Floyd Allen. Sheriff and Commonwealth's Attorney dead, Court serious. Look after this now."

Governor Mann in turn phoned Baldwin-Felts, famous Detectives, of Roanoke, to go immediately and take charge. Mr. T. L. Felts hastily summoned a few assistants and boarded a special train bound for Galax, Hillsville's nearest railroad station.

While the latter—speeding on the special—were penciling plans to capture the clansmen—dead or alive, the clansmen—assembled in one of their mountain homes—were penciling plans by which they would not be captured—dead nor alive. According to their figures, they were the lions, and the Blue Ridge Mountains was their lair. From the cracks in the cliffs and mouths of the caves they could kill an army before an army could kill an Allen. Furthermore, they were surrounded by kinsmen who would supply them with bread, bullets and blankets until the hunters became the hunted. Surrender? Never! They did not have to surrender. Others might have to surrender to them, but they would not have to surrender to others—Never—never—never!

Sidna Allen and Wesley Edwards, two of the foremost monsters in the massacre, now buckled on revolvers, donned overcoats, shouldered their guns and crept away through the dark to the bosom of the Blue Ridge, leaving the others to pair off likewise—all seemingly going in the belief that they had laid the foundation on which sooner or later would be built a following that would bring them forth heroes. That was what Burr thought when he killed Hamilton—what Guiteau thought when he killed Garfield.

While Sidna and Wesley were groping from home

lights to the brakes of the Blue Ridge, the Detectives' past midnight special whistled for Galax. When its dazzling headlight gleamed through the foggy, rainy dark past the station it revealed a waiting covered wagon and top buggy—in which Mr. Felts and assistants climbed and started through the pouring rain and hub-deep mud thirteen miles to Hillsville.

Ten miles on the way, finding the creek swollen past fording, they left their teams with a farmer, and for lack of lanterns to light them through the fields, trudged on, holding to the road by the sound of their feet socketing in the mud.

With roosters beginning to crow for day and a few lights flickering on windows as if tired from flickering all night, the now drenched, muddy-footed, muddy-legged Mr. Felts and assistants crept into weeping, groaning Hillsville.

Under what proved to be a well founded belief that Floyd Allen's friends were planning to come soon after day and slip him away, Mr. Felts stationed sentinels at the different points of entrance—then went in and arrested Floyd, as he lay on his cot, surrounded by sleepy relatives. With his physician's consent, and his cot for stretcher, they picked him up and started to jail. On the way they noticed him pull the blanket up over his chin, contort his face and look agony-eyed, and when they set him down in jail and threw back the blanket to investigate, he was sawing with a dull knife on his jugular vein, having already opened a gash that required twenty stitches to close.

This was saying with actions—which speak louder

than words—that he was not prevaricating when he said he would die before he would go to prison. The man who will kill self, rather than go, can be trusted to kill others, rather than go. He can also be trusted to make killing others first choice.

CAPTURING THE CLANSMEN

WITH Floyd Allen, the flagman, now in prison and the famous Baldwin-Felts in full command and on the ground, the hunt for the other clansmen started to full swing. Large rewards were offered, photographs and descriptions sent to Sheriffs and Chiefs of Police in all the surrounding states, and newspapers and magazines carried them to every part of the civilized world.

Never did a set of Sleuths undertake a more difficult, dangerous job. To say the clansmen would not shoot was either losing sight of the truth, or bidding for a fool's cap. Demons that massacre a Commonwealth's court will massacre anything else that crosses their way if they get the drop. They would not only shoot, but were as fully armed with the latest guns as porcupines with quills, and were as ever ready to use them.

They also had every advantage over the Detectives that day has over night and knowledge ignorance. They could see without being seen, and knew the caves and wildwood coves as well as rats know their holes. More than that, they had two-faced followers who coated their cunning with simple sincerity capable of often switching the strongest-scenting Sleuths to the back track.

Nevertheless, Baldwin-Felts captured them one by one until all were in prison but Sidna Allen and Wesley Edwards. Where were they? Echo asked where. The blood of the Hillsville Martyrs still cried from the courthouse, but the echoes fell on what now appeared to be two forever lost trails. Some said they thought so—others that they knew so; that Sidna and Wesley were two foxes too cunning to be caught; that they could catch Baldwin-Felts, but that Baldwin-Felts could not catch them.

Meanwhile the Sleuths were dropping out, some as if from exposure, some from exhaustion, and others from discouragement. Even Baldwin-Felts—famous for never having abandoned a criminal's trail until he was captured—were now gone as if to their own funerals; leaving only one stranger in the Allen domain, and he was a seemingly half-witted young man working for a low wage as a farm hand.

All were now settled down to the even tenor of their ways, some in the belief that murder would finally out, and others that Sidna and Wesley were forever beyond recall—possibly in Canada—possibly in Mexico—possibly in South America. But things are not always what they seem. It is sometimes darkest just before day—sometimes calmest just before the storm. In the midst of the calm, as sudden as a flash of lightning, and as unexpected as a clap of thunder from a clear sky, America's news-boys bounded off along the streets with morning papers slipping from under their arms, screaming—"Extra—

extra—extra! All about the arrest of Sidna Allen and Wesley Edwards in Des Moines, Iowa!"

In the meantime W. G. Baldwin—Mr. Felts' partner—sent the following telegram to Governor Mann, Richmond, Va.:

"Captured Sidna Allen and Wesley Edwards, and will start on first train."

Old Dominion—all America—waved hats and handkerchiefs and screamed: "Hurrah for the Captors! The Hillsville Martyrs, even if Judge Massie was one-armed, knocked out the Allen clan in the second round!"

When W. G. Baldwin's anxiously awaited train rumbled through the crowd to a stop in Roanoke, the clan was reunited—this time in chains—and started for trial, which, for reasons we need not mention, was in Wytheville, Va. Here they were convicted and sentenced—Floyd and Claude Allen to the electric chair, Sidna Allen to the penitentiary for 35 years, and Wesley Edwards for 27 years.

With the clan thus reduced to but a rag of itself, the State Bar Association immortalized Carroll's Martyrs with two bronze tablets, one on either side of the Judge's chair, which were as follows:

MEMORIAL

I

Erected by the State Bar Association of Virginia, as a memorial of the legal accomplishments, fidelity to duty and courage unto death, of Thornton Lemmon Massie, Judge of the Twenty-First Virginia Circuit, who was assassinated while holding Court in the Courthouse of Carroll County, Virginia, on the fourteenth of March, 1912.

To die in the discharge of duty is to live forever in the hearts which honor courage and patriotism.

MEMORIAL

II

Erected by the State Bar Association of Virginia, in memory of William M. Foster, Commonwealth's Attorney; Lewis F. Webb, Sheriff; Augustus C. Fowler, member of the Jury; and Betty Ayers, witness in the case under trial, who were assassinated in this Courthouse while in the discharge of their duty to the Commonwealth, on the fourteenth of March, 1912.

In the meantime the County installed new furniture in the Courthouse and painted throughout, thereby turning the picture of the massacre toward the wall.

Carroll was now a new County. Having gone through the travail of a new birth in which she shook off the clan that had long menaced the master's degree, she would never again let a mounted mob with pistols dangling and Comanche whoops spliced with profanity gallop along the street, terrorizing and endangering the lives of the citizenry.

Never again would her officers be waylaid and beaten almost to death for taking criminals along her highways, nor farmers shot for exercising their inherent rights in the purchase of lands. And never again would her spotless Judge sit in her legal sanctum sanctorum and fear that clansmen's bullets would riddle his robe.

But Carroll must not let her enlarged lamp's brightening light lead her to forgetting the oil-can, for what we call victory does not signify that the battle is over. It means that we have merely reached another round and must continue the fight on higher ground. Man's laurels are not won until his setting sun says—"Well done."

Some are slow to see it, but life—even at its best—is only a battle—right battling against wrong. Master Right can knock Wily Wrong down, but not out. We shall ever pluck roses with thorn-scratched fingers, and climb with slips and falls. There is a tear for every smile and a storm for every calm. No evil ever has been or ever will be annihilated.

With deadfall kill the slimy snake,
And from him all his hide you take,
Then slice him fine, like slicing steak,
And ev'ry bone that's in him break,
Then throw to turtles in the lake,
But still will rise that same old snake.

Sidna Allen and Wesley Edwards had not been in the penitentiary three years before society's twin arch-enemies—political demagogues and religious fanatics—joined hands and prostituted God to leadership in blinding Virginia's uninformed with falsehoods intended to translate prisons into pardoning pavilions and breed repetitions of the Hillsville massacre.

I want to here warn the well meaning that good intentions do not transmute dynamite into doughnuts; that believing a gun is empty does not unload it; that thinking a man is saved does not make him a saint.

I also want to say solemnly that no government can stand with two heads. It cannot stand one half democratic and the other half theocratic—one half church and the other half state—one half creed and the other half Constitution. The combination would be like a vehicle one half boat and the other half automobile—each nullifying the other.

The creed says—Rule with sympathy; while the Constitution says—Rule with common sense.

The creed says—If thy enemy smite thee on one cheek, turn the other also; while the Constitution says—Sprawl him with a blow on the jaw. It does not believe that when the Allen clansman sent a bullet

through one of Dexter Goad's cheeks, he ought to have turned and let him send another through the other.

The creed says—When a man steals an ox, take him to the mourner's bench; while the Constitution says—Take him to the Judge's bench. It does not ask Jehovah to do what he delegated the Judge and Jury to do.

The creed says—Free the criminal when the Lord forgives him; while the Constitution says—Free him when the law forgives him. It says the Scales of Justice ought to balance; that when a desperado sends a deacon to the grave to stay a long, long time, he ought to be sent where he could not send another in a long, long time; that if he does not like the prison, he must remember that the deacon does not like the grave.

The creed says—Save desperadoes; while the Constitution says—Save deacons. It vehemently denounces the diabolical doctrine that saves desperadoes from the gallows, and sends deacons to the grave. That policy applied to pastures would empty them of sheep and fill them with wolves. My vocabulary is too narrow to adequately vitriolize the venomous fanaticism that says in a roundabout way that if the desperado does not like the deacon, he can massacre him, step into prison, profess religion, join the church and go home to his family a religious hero.

God is not a party to destroying deacons and decorating desperadoes. If a band of normal-brained of the twentieth century could stamp muddy-footed into our legal Holiest of Holies and massacre its official expo-

nent of peace on earth and good will to men—then go up and take seats beside them in heaven, I would not want to go up there; for what they did down here, they might do up there.

Nevertheless, this was the kind of theology the religious fanatics used to atrophy the Constitution and vitalize their savage scheme to free Sidna Allen and Wesley Edwards. At the other end of their doubletree pulled the political parasites with the plea that the clansmen were driven to the use of their pistols because they were democrats. If this were true, why were so many of them republicans?

If the clansmen were victims of republican persecution, why did Federal Judge Boyd, a Jeffersonian democrat, scathingly denounce the Jury for not convicting Sidna Allen of counterfeiting—then have him arrested and later convicted for perjuring his way to freedom?

If the clansmen were victims of republican persecution, why did they massacre Judge Thornton L. Massie, a democratic diadem, who will shine beside the immortal Jefferson up through all the centuries?

If the clansmen were victims of republican persecution, why did spotless democratic pillars like Judge D. W. Bolen and W. D. Tompkins, who witnessed the massacre, swear it was remindful of savage Indians massacring a harmless household?

If the clansmen were victims of republican persecution, why did a democratic Judge and largely democratic Jury, in a democratic city, in a democratic county, in a democratic state, in the democratic South,

send Floyd and Claude Allen to the electric chair, Sidna Allen to the penitentiary for 35 years, and Wesley Edwards for 27 years? It would be more consistent to say they were driven to the use of their pistols by the democrats.

But away with the accurst claim that in this case the Court let political prejudice play a hand. The religious fanatics and political puppets that said it permitted the playing of such a hand, spoke with black tongues and sent their sayings on black wings. Jeffersonian democracy and Rooseveltian republicanism still live in Virginia; still stand shoulder to shoulder for the fundamental tenets that sustain society; and shoulder to shoulder they resent these claims as they would resent the claim that the immortal Lee and Lincoln were unworthy of evergreen graves.

Nevertheless these black tongues and black wings fanned so many feeble intolerant and fanatical flickerings into effulgent flames that in about thirteen years they presented to the weak-kneed governor a petition so numerically strong that he paroled Sidna Allen and Wesley Edwards and sent them back to society.

But like weak-kneed Pilate refused to release Christ, this weak-kneed governor refused to release Judge Thornton L. Massie, W. M. Foster, L. F. Webb, A. C. Fowler, and Betty Ayers. He let them still stay locked in the cold, dark dungeon of the dead. This was saying indirectly that 13 years in prison was enough to pay for sending a Commonwealth's Court to the grave to stay until the Judgment Day.

It makes one think—and think—and think. When

the way of the good is made hard and the way of the bad easy; when the undertaker is sent after the best and the pardoner after the worst; when red-handed ruffians can walk with free feet over the graves of the Court they crucified, we—we—O—we think—and think—and think.

PARDONING PRISONERS

FROM the birth of society the poor have been our unsolved problem. They have defied solution because they are of compound, complex and conflicting kinds. Some are poor because they were born with physical or mental imperfections; some because they were overtaken by unavoidable misfortune; some because they think more of automobiles than of homes; and some because they are under the yoke of human hogs whose greed for gold holds them on a par with ordinary slaves.

Notwithstanding we have tried up through all the centuries to solve their problem, we are farther from a solution to-day than ever before. New factors are entering the equation all along the line, and every time we cancel out one, in steps two. I sometimes wonder if there is a solution this side of a revolution in which we quit trying to patch the old ship and go to building a new one. But even that might be a leap out of the frying-pan into the fire. Russia is experimenting along this line, and some day may want to trade the new remedy for the old disease.

But more serious than the problem of the poor now is that of the prisoners. While the poorhouse is starving for what makes real home, the prison is strangling in political graft, religious fanaticism and senseless

sympathy. While the poorhouse ought to be home, the prison ought to be hospital. Not where they straighten crooked feet, amputate appendixes and remove tumors, but humanize ferocious natures, tame wild tendencies and remove demoralizing habits.

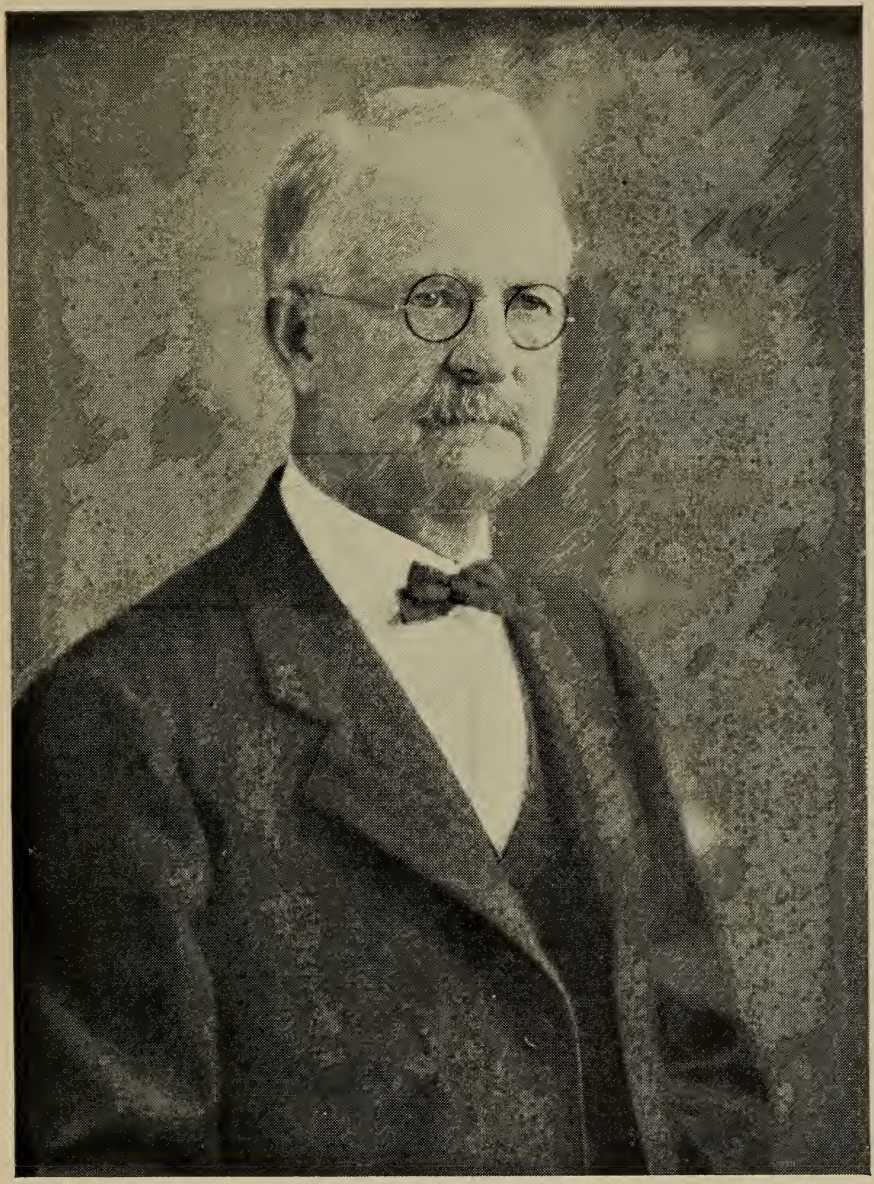
As is Mayo to his hospital, so ought be the warden to his prison. And yet many get their positions as political plums plucked in payment for their power at the polls. They are no more fit to manage a prison than to manage Mayo's hospital.

I know a man who spent more in his race for jail warden than an ordinary man can make on a two-mule farm in ten years. He won, paid his bills, bought an automobile, and filled his pockets with what ought to have gone to fill the prisoners' stomachs.

I know another political boss of the bootleg and red-light sections, who resigned his wardenship, rather than reveal the cost and kind of food he fed his prisoners.

As is Mayo to his patients, so ought be the warden to his prisoners. Mayo could not lift his patients out of physical bankruptcy if he ought to be taking treatment for the same disease. The warden cannot lift his prisoners out of moral bankruptcy if he ought to be serving time for confiscating their food to buy gas for his private saloon and assignation house on wheels.

The road to cleanliness is the road to reformation. If Mayo ran his hospital in fumes from private sewers and buzzes of green flies, he ought to be prosecuted for shortening the sick's road to the grave. If the warden makes his prisoners live like human hogs, he



JUDGE W. D. TOMPKINS

"The massacre of the Court by the Allen clan was remindful of savage Indians massacring a harmless household."

ought to be prosecuted for confirming them in crime.

Patients are not sent to Mayo's hospital merely as punishment for contracting ills. They are sent to be cured. Prisoners are not sent to the penitentiary merely as punishment for crime. They are sent to protect society while being cured.

But not in all cases can failure to protect and cure be charged against wardens. No matter how capable and conscientious, they may have to resign, or play governor's political puppets.

Our laws governing prisons are distressingly dualistic. When the Judicial Department says a murderer shall stay in the penitentiary twenty years, and the Executive Department says he shall stay only twenty minutes, there is not only a distressing dualism but also a burial of democracy and resurrection of autocracy—a losing of the divine rights of commoners, and finding of the divine rights of kings.

Due to gubernatorial prerogatives and legal magicians, some prisons are mediums through which paroles are bartered for votes. The following is not an isolated example: A certain candidate for governor, addressing a large audience in a notorious moonshining section, said among other things:

"My Dear Ladies, if you want your sons to stay in prison, don't elect me as your governor, for there is not a prison door in the state I would not let the tears of a mother or sweetheart throw wide open."

Since about every son has a mother or sweetheart—or both—he said in an indirect way that he would turn the state over to moonshiners in exchange for votes.

His campaign promise elected him and he kept it—made imprisoning spell pardoning. To-day that state leads in illiteracy, religious fanaticism and political perfidy.

Not only are governors throwing anarchists back on society, but also breeding class prejudice. When they turn deaf ears on a home-brewing youth's petition for pardon because he is the son of a one-mule farmer, and pardon a diamond-fingered murderer because he is the son of aristocracy, they make the common people speak truthfully when they say such governors ought to be shining shoes and cleaning cuspidors.

As Mayo determines the departure of patients, so ought the governor determine the departure of prisoners. Mayo does not determine how long a patient ought to stay in the hospital by a petition, but by the disease. It does not take as long to cure mumps as typhoid fever.

The governor ought not determine how long a criminal should stay in prison by a petition, but by the crime. It does not take as long to cure an automobile speeder as a bank robber.

Like Mayo determines the cure of the patient, so ought the governor determine the cure of the prisoner. Mayo does not determine when a patient is cured by divining, but by diagnosing. The governor ought not determine when a prisoner is cured by a creed, but by the Constitution.

Lest I be misunderstood, I want to say that it is far from me to roughen the road up which a par-

doned criminal is trudging to good citizenship. On the contrary, when he reaches out his empty hand I shall clasp it, lead him to the best in my larder and from there to a clean bed. But how can we tell the reformed from the confirmed?

This is one of the many things I have never pretended to know. I have nothing but signs to guide me, and they fail in dry weather—and wet weather. However, I have observed that best Christians say least about Christianity. They do their preaching with practicing. They never drop their dollars on silver plates and bass-drums, where they resound all over the audience. They take them down to poverty row and drop them on orphans' butterless bread and shoeless feet, where their resoundings are faint clappings of angelic hands.

The best soldiers say least about war. They would rather talk about peace. When the battle is over they want to bury their memories of bullets and bayonets with the plow and hoe on the farm. If the American Legion wanted them to help build a memorial hall in the city they would tell them that it would be better to build cottages along the country-side. If they depended on them for a crowd at their annual conventions they would not have enough for a quorum; and if they depended upon them for noise, they would not have enough to wake a nervous kitten.

Reformed criminals never put their pardons on platforms. On the contrary, they want to turn every prison picture toward the wall, exchange their sad memories for Horace Greeley's advice and go west

where they can start life over again and win. Some are so anxious to bury the past that they even change their names.

Where there is a loud squeal there is little wool. Where there are long prayers there are short plows. Where paroles are put on platforms, crime is commercialized and the sympathetic victimized.

An example: A young bank robber in a certain state obtained a pardon, wrote a book, put on a religious cloak and went to the platform. Pulpits and private homes welcomed him, and all the sympathetic helped push his book to a wide sale.

But they were passing their pearls to a wolf in sheep's clothing. In less than two years their purified and paroled robber was returned to the penitentiary for wholesale forgery, and his book turned out to be a revision of one written by a long-departed preacher steeped in socialism.

By the way, this incident put upon the wholesale forger's state statutes a law prohibiting paroled criminals from going before the public and commercializing their criminal notoriety.

PARSON AND PARDONED

AS WENT forth that young bank robber to the public, so went forth Sidna Allen. How true, how true:

> With deadfall kill the slimy snake,
> And from him all his hide you take,
> Then slice him fine, like slicing steak,
> And ev'ry bone that's in him break,
> Then throw to turtles in the lake,
> But still will rise that same old snake.

Sidna went forth that same old snake plus longer fangs, lengthened with literature in booklet form, which I am taking the liberty to temporarily entitle—"Parson and Pardoned." I am giving it this temporary title because I have been told that a parson wrote it and Sidna signed it—on the dotted line. This makes them partners—just what I want it to make them—for I am too humane to want fewer than two account for it when Gabriel blows it up to the great Judgment Bar.

With the above title sufficient to give Saint Peter a tip—and that being my only purpose—I shall let the beauty in brevity apologize for henceforth calling it Sidna's booklet. This is not slighting the pungent-

penned parson—not a bit of it. It is giving him something better—a reason for singing the 117th Psalm.

Sidna's vicious little volume has divided Carroll's leading logicians in a ratio of sixteen to one. The ones say it ought to be treated with silent contempt; that its absence of truth drops it below notice; that mentioning it might lengthen its agony; while ignoring it would shorten its road to the grave.

On the other hand, the sixteens say silence gives consent; that a knifing negative ought to follow a false affirmative; that letting its affirmations go unchallenged would be both a tragedy and a calamity.

The ones are right—so are the sixteens. Everything has two sides, and it is right that both be represented. But since the ones concede that the sixteens have a safe majority and that under democracy the majority rules, I shall address myself as suggested by the sixteens.

Like many other booklets, Sidna's has a founding foreword. In it he gives the whys and wherefores—chiefly whys. His opening one is:

"While a number of books dealing with the Hillsville tragedy have been written, none have given the Allens' side of it."

It is passing strange that among the many writers bringing out books on the subject, "none have given the Allens' side of it." There is certainly something wrong somewhere, when the titan has to toot his own horn. But I see no triumph in his tooting, because

criminals are not tried by books, but by bars. Not by literature, but by law. Law tried the Allen clansmen, and since no libel suits have been filed, literature was in line with law.

Therefore, saying that literature gave only one side, is saying that law gave only one side; and saying that law gave only one side is saying more than I would say against a great Commonwealth like Virginia.

But perhaps Sidna meant that none had given it as he wanted it given. Let us see how he wants it given. Continuing on in his founding foreword, we read:

"It is not my purpose to deny, nor have I ever denied that I had a part in the Hillsville tragedy, but I do deny that it was a premeditated part."

I cannot understand why Sidna shies as frantically from premeditation as a negro from a graveyard, unless he is the man who saw a diametrical difference between a lie and a prevarication. A lie is a lie, no matter what you call it. Murder is murder, no matter what you call it. The man who accidentally slips and falls from the top of a twenty-story building to the concrete sidewalk does not leap up, brush off the dust, pick up his hat and trip away smiling. He is taken away as dead and will stay dead as long as if his fall had been premeditated.

When Judge Thornton L. Massie, W. M. Foster, L. F. Webb, A. C. Fowler and sweet little Betty Ayers were shot by the Allen clansmen, they did not look at their bleeding bullet holes and pools of blood forming under them—then get up and go on with their work

smiling. They were taken away as dead and will stay dead as long as if their massacre had been premeditated.

And it was premeditated. When I see an automobile humming along at a sixty-mile gait over hills and around curves without skipping a cog or cutting a corner—as obedient to the will of the driver as his hand or foot—none need tell me it was created on the spur of the moment in chaos by the law of chance. A five-year-old child knows it was created by practice, perseverance and premeditation.

When I see the Allen clansmen assembling with pistols in the Courthouse, like mechanics in the automobile factory; when I see Floyd Allen's conviction start their pistols popping as synchronously as the eight o'clock whistle starts hammers to clanking in the factory; when I see the Courthouse officials dropping as simultaneously as drop the hammers when the factory whistles for noon, I am not going to perjure myself by framing up an alibi for premeditation—no-sir-ee. I am going to admit it was right there—right on the ground—right in action.

Reading on, Sidna says: "Instead of the Allens starting the shooting, they merely stopped it."

He has previously said he lays no claim to marksmanship. I construe this as meaning that he was not better than the Courthouse officials. In gangster language, the gun that gets the drop gets the game. If the Courthouse officials started the shooting, they got the drop; and if they got the drop—and were as close to the clansmen as the clansmen were to them—why

could they not drop at least one clansman while the clansmen were dropping all of them?

If the clansmen went to shooting at the Courthouse officials because the Courthouse officials were shooting at them, why did they send their first bullets through one-armed, unarmed Judge Massie, the most harmless hero in the Courthouse? I would want to direct my bullets at those who were directing theirs at me.

If the Courthouse officials started the shooting, why did such unassailable pillars of truth as Judge D. W. Bolen and W. D. Tompkins, eye witnesses, swear the clansmen started it; that it was remindful of savage Indians massacring a harmless household?

Let the two now immortalized towers of truth, Judge Massie and Judge Staples, say whether the Courthouse officials started the shooting. Judge Massie, the first to fall in the fusillade, writhing with pain and bleeding profusely, said to the circle of friends around him:

"I saw the clansmen start the shooting—saw Sidna aim and fire at me. I am going to die, and want to be taken home."

Then turning to Howard C. Gilmer, Attorney at Law, his neighbor, continued:

"Tell my brother to take care of my family."

In a few moments he groaned into delirium, from which white wings convoyed him home, where he told all in heaven that the clansmen started the shooting and that Sidna Allen shot him.

To hear what the second immortalized tower of truth has to say, go with me to Wythe County's Court-

house. The trial of Floyd and Claude Allen is over, and the Jury has brought in the verdict. Judge Staples on the bench, with flushed face and grave though sympathetic look, gazes meditatively at the two prisoners a few moments—then says:

"Each of you, by a grand jury of your county, have been charged with the murder of four men and one woman, as the result of one plan and purpose. For the murder of one of these men you have been separately tried and convicted. A Court of Justice sitting for the enforcement of law and protection of society has been in one brief moment almost entirely destroyed. That this was done by you and your associates has not been and could not have been denied.

"The Judge, a man pure in character and steadfast in purpose, incapable of wrong toward any man, was shot three times, where he sat helpless and unoffensive. The Attorney for the Commonwealth, fearless in his vigorous prosecution of one of you, was shot five times. The Sheriff in the act of taking you, Floyd Allen, into custody was shot six times, falling where he stood, when your defiance of the law was uttered. The Juror was shot in his seat. These four men and a woman were the persons killed. A second Juror was shot as he retreated, and the Clerk was shot very near his desk.

"It was all done in less than a moment of time; done by you and your associates—done with a quickness and an accuracy of aim and action impossible to men acting under the impulse of surprise. Yet, the law which has suffered so great an outrage has out of

regard for her own inherent principles of right and justice accorded each of you a patient and unbiased hearing, has extended you every protection, has made available to you every safeguard, has yielded to you every point of doubt or possible mistake, and has submitted on questions of your guilt separately to juries of your fellow citizens who have heard with patience every statement and contention offered in excuse or mitigation of this terrible accomplishment.

"The whole power of the Commonwealth has been placed at your disposal to compel the attendance of each and every witness who might speak of any fact favorable to your defense.

"Your array of counsel with ability excelled only by their untiring zeal and fidelity have presented with force and eloquence every fact or influence which might favor your vindication and with the result that as to each of your twelve patient, honest, conscientious gentlemen have unanimously concurred in the conclusion that there is no reasonable doubt as to any fact necessary to establish your guilt, and that the acts whereby these honored and faithful officers of the law were destroyed in the discharge of their duty were of your plan, your purpose and your deliberate accomplishment. The evidence overwhelmingly sustains these verdicts.

"You, Floyd Allen, were in the custody of the law. When ordered to jail, you uttered your defiance of its authority, such a defiance as was never before heard in a Virginia Court. Such a defiance as must have stunned into inaction every mind not prepared to an-

ticipate it. Yet, without the least surprise or hesitation, your associates instantly began with you this deadly work; began with a promptness and pursued it with a persistency and effectiveness, which to every calm, unbiased mind carries the unalterable conviction of anticipation and coöperation. Numerous other facts clearly proven confirm this conviction but the elements of instantaneous and fatally effective co-operation, standing alone of themselves, eliminate all reasonable doubt of a common understanding of a mutual and felonious purpose.

"The facts relied upon for the excuse or mitigation of your conduct have failed utterly of their proof. You have contended that the Chief Clerk of the Court, while you were in its custody, endeavored to open fire on you. You failed to show any motive for such conduct on his part or to give an explanation why he should have done an act so utterly unexplainable and so necessarily fatal to himself.

"There is scarcely a scintilla of evidence to confirm this statement made by each of you. Yet, every rule of law, which would have been applicable if your statement had been fully corroborated were invoked and allowed for your benefit. Upon every doubtful question of law you have, each of you, been favored, yet, the result is your conviction.

"It is by no choice, no will, no act of the Jury or the Court that this judgment is entered against you. The consequence of such conduct was, by law, written long before that day of fatal action; that consequence was certain and inevitable to you unless a Jury should

have failed to ascertain the facts as they actually occurred.

"As your conduct was of your choice, so the consequence is your own creation and it is in reality your own hands which write the judgment of this court.

"I am not saying these things to reproach or distress you. This hour is too solemn for you and for me to permit any impulse of feeling to be entertained toward you except of the deepest sympathy. I want each of you to realize that no man has by his will or choice selected your punishment; that no man has done you wrong or dealt with you otherwise than as the law to which all of us must yield unquestioning obedience has demanded of his conscience; that the Judgment of this court is not man's judgment but is the judgment of the law, and that I am but the mouthpiece of the law when I speak to you these solemn words:

"It is the judgment of this Court that each of you be remanded to the custody of the Sheriff of Wythe County there to be detained until the Superintendent of the Penitentiary of this State shall come or send for you, when you will be taken to that prison and there on the twenty-second day of November nineteen hundred and twelve, within the hours, in the manner and with the means prescribed by law, you shall each of you be put to death, and through your sincere repentance and mediation of our Saviour may each of you receive mercy unto the measure of a full forgiveness."

These two Infallible Fountains of Truth; the Commonwealth's immutable records vaulted in Wythe

County's Courthouse, piloting our pen, and the stentorian voices of all veracious Virginians make Sidna's booklet a miniature mouse squeaking scornfully at Washington's monument.

More than that, they start every patriotic face, from Carroll to Canaan, to frowning at the booklet and saying in a voice of seven thunders: "Premeditation—premeditation—premeditation!"

Flitting on through the booklet's profuse tributes to the Allen family, its account of the massacre, the flight of Sidna and Wesley Edwards into the wilds of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and their crafty sneakings and prowlings therein and around until they decide to slip away to the far west, we pause and read from Sidna's pen the following ironical squib:

"When Wesley and I reflected that leaving the hills would put an end to the grand posse and deprive it and its members of a glorious holiday at the Commonwealth's expense, we were almost ashamed to go. They were having such an enjoyable time out of it, it seemed a pity to disturb them."

Since I must continue to speak as softly as truth will permit, I shall merely say that this ironical squib is a demon's dart hurled at Old Dominion's heart.

"Almost ashamed to go, because they were having such a glorious time at the Commonwealth's expense."

Old Dominion's uncomplaining toilers bearing heavy burdens incident to building along all uplifting lines do not want the citizenship of a criminal who contributes most toward increasing their taxes and is ashamed to take a step that would lower them.

Old Dominion does not want the citizenship of a demon who helps massacre one of her Courts—then penalizes her with heavy taxes for sending sleepless Sleuths—regardless of cost—to make society safe and justice sure.

"They were having such an enjoyable time out of it, it seemed a pity to interfere with them."

If on March 14th—1912—near the middle of the forenoon—Sidna had seen certain little children playing gleefully in their respective homes—some building block houses, some pulling toy wagons and some rocking dolls, I wonder if he would have said "they were having such an enjoyable time out of it, it seemed a a pity to make them orphans and start them to asking —'Mama, why don't papa come home?' "

And when he saw Judge Massie—whom he does not deny assassinating—lift his only hand to the first bullet-hole through one side of his breast, I wonder if he said it seemed a pity to send another through the other side. Having only one hand, the Judge could not soothe two stinging bullet-holes at the same time.

"The grand posse"—Meaning Baldwin-Felts Detectives. Who are Detectives, anyway? Let me say a few words about them that may open many eyes. I have looked all my manhood life for a monument fitting Doctors who go day and night, year in and year out, feeling their way through the dark along mountain trails, swimming swollen streams and breasting blizzards, to brace broken bones, bandage bleeding wounds and soothe the suffering. I want to see them

immortalized with immaculate marble towering like an Egyptian pyramid, on which is lettered in gold:

THEY WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD

These five simple words say as much as all the languages and libraries can say of any set of Sages. The Galilean rose to leadership and will lead until the end of Time because "he went about doing good"—healing the sick.

The Doctors' partners are the Detectives. The former save us from diseases—the latter from desperadoes. One is as important as the other. It is as important that we be saved from desperado bullets as from rattlesnake bites. I would immortalize Doctors and Detectives with the same monument.

Satan hates Saints—Disease hates Doctors—Desperadoes hate Detectives. If typhoid fever, rheumatism, tuberculosis and other diseases had talent and tongue, they would dub Doctors "quacks" and want to massacre them for armoring in humanism and risking their lives to hurl sanitary bombs into disease-breeding dives.

Desperadoes—having talent and tongue—dub Detectives "grand posse" and want to massacre them for armoring in law and risking their lives in cliffs and caves and mountain wilds to capture human hyenas who crucify Commonwealth Courts on the cross of their clan.

If Sidna had written his blasphemous booklet while in his mountain peak aerie peeping down at Baldwin-

DEXTER GOAD

"Recovering from the stun of a clansman's bullet through my cheek and out at the back of my neck, I grabbed a pistol, ran out and began shooting at the clansmen as they pursued the fleeing jurymen, wounding Sidna Allen in the shoulder, and Floyd in the leg."

Felts searching for him in the foothills, we would have made ourselves believe that passing him through the legal crucible would dissipate his atrocious, audacious tendencies and brace him up to sound, satisfactory citizenship. But remember, he did not write his booklet then. He waited thirteen long years—long enough to sober, if drunk—long enough to cool, if hot. He waited thirteen long years after Baldwin-Felts captured him—not dead but alive. He waited thirteen long years after being convicted of the most atrocious massacre that ever blackened the catalogue of crime. He waited until motherly Old Dominion had devoted thirteen long years to his reformation; waited until all were beginning to forgive and forget; waited until all wanted to forgive and forget; waited until all Carroll was taking the lead in good fellowship; waited until he was paroled and sent back to his family; waited until outraged society crowned him with another chance to make good. Then he went forth that same old snake plus longer fangs, lengthened with literature in booklet form, snapping and snarling at the Commonwealth, the Carroll Court, the State Bar, Baldwin-Felts—in fact, all who held the Commonwealth Court above the Allen clan.

All demons are daring, atrocious and audacious, but it is unthinkable, unbelievable, inconceivable that Sidna, with only a parole between him and the iron hand of the unsatisfied law, would return to his native haunts and proclaim himself a persecuted though vindicated hero— Then, with his pen for pistol and booklets for bullets, resume the same old battle where

he thirteen years previous quit off—not only against the Martyrs he helped to massacre, but also against all who wanted the Carroll Court to have right-of-way over the Allen clan. Had he looked twice before he leaped once, he would have seen that he was stirring the public to righteously demand his return to prison.

Surely Sidna was drunk on the belief that his booklet would bring him fame and fortune, or he would not have written it. Had he been sober, I believe he would have seen that it is safest for falsity to walk lightly around sleeping Truth. That while there is a Sidna Allen, there is also an Old Dominion; that while Sidna Allen can write a booklet, Old Dominion can write a book.

There are a few things for Sidna to learn. In spite of his boasted biblical studentship, he still has to learn that sowing to the wind is reaping a whirlwind. And he will learn at the harvest—which is on the way. When it arrives, he will learn that he stepped on sleeping Truth's toes; that Old Dominion's immutable records vaulted in Wytheville are her caged Lions that are going to roar him back into private life and close his booklet like a clam when it thunders.

But subterranean as is Sidna, he aims high. He is shooting at the finest feathered—throwing his mud at the most immaculate. We are proud of all his targets. Naming a few, we are proud of Old Dominion—Mother of America. She has proved that her Jeffersons and Roosevelts still reign; that while the few hold politics above principle, the many hold principle above politics; that while the few would plunge her into

anarchy, the many would spend their last cent—if necessary—to make justice swift and life safe.

We are proud of her State Bar Association. It cannot be denied that some lawyers are outlaws; that they will keep the statutory line between right and wrong dangerously dim until they are given picks and shovels with the road gang. But when her Bar immortalized the Hillsville Martyrs in bronze, patriotic Virginia rose as one man and one woman and put a new star in the Association's crown.

We are proud of her twin Detectives—Baldwin-Felts. Many come not into public service until the eleventh hour; but ever since their early morning these twins have been on the firing line—day and night—bullet-scarred—shielding the civilized from the savage.

They have now crossed the meridian and nearing the middle of the afternoon, but have never harmed right nor compromised with wrong. More than that, they have never taken a step that did not make innocence safer, nor quit a trail until the criminal was captured.

When their sun reaches the tree-tops and tells them to turn toward home, the least Old Dominion can say —the least all Dixie can say will be—They fought a good fight—and won.

We are proud of her Carroll people. They are God's people. I wish I could mention many like W. D. Tompkins and Judge D. W. Bolen, but since we have space for only one, I shall let what seems to be unanimous desire give it to Judge Bolen.

But I shall not introduce the Judge. It would be

like introducing the father to his sons. He is the idolized part of Carroll, and Carroll is the idolized part of him. Under his Judicial and Patriarchal pilotship Carroll has emerged from social and commercial isolation, shaken off every rag of the Allen clan, and come up abreast with the foremost mountain counties —with the foremost counties in the United States.

Nevertheless, the popular Patriarch is no longer in Judicial robe. Having piloted his people over the last shoal, torched the revision of the State Charter from medieval to modern, and graced the Circuit Court Bench until the shadows of life began to lengthen, he answered the call of his sweet old country home beside the hard-surfaced highway on the brow of the Blue Ridge, surrounded with chestnut and balsam groves undergrown with florescent evergreens, where he eats apples from his elegant orchard, country ham from his smokehouse, drinks water out of the long-handled gourd at his icy spring, bathes in the balmy mountain breeze, and revels in the most inspirational scenery in the world.

The popular Patriarch has reached his goal. His faith is now sight—his hope fruition. Throughout his long years of public life his ardent ambition was to retire with all the laurels of law to his restful rocker on his vine-awninged veranda, where he could say in the language of famous Mr. Foss:

"There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content,
There are souls like stars, that live apart,

In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
And hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

"I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

"I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

"Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—

They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
And hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man."

BOOZE IN BOOKS

IT IS strange that beasts and birds are born with patterns that guide them to perfect life, but babies with only inclinations to find them and places to put them. The Lord has many ways I cannot find out—many mysteries of grace I cannot tell. I can tell before the bobolink is born what kind of nest she will build, and before the badger is born what kind of hole he will dig; but I cannot tell before the babe is born what or how it will build. All I can tell is that it will find a pattern somewhere along the line—by accident or otherwise—and will build accordingly.

For example: The little barefoot boy on the rural lawn, trying to harness the gray cat to his toy wagon, chances to see the country Doctor on his high-headed horse, riding full-chested and pointed-shouldered past the gate. He straightens up, holds the cat's twine halter with one hand, the shaft of his wagon with the other and watches him until he disappears behind a clump of evergreens in the bend of the road—then decides to be a Doctor.

He has found his pattern, and begins to give his playmates bread pills, tie up their sore toes, watch his mother disembowel chickens, and his father, hogs. In early manhood he is a country Doctor on his high-

headed horse, riding full-chested and pointed-shouldered along the rural road.

Like this little boy, all children find their patterns somewhere and build accordingly. Go to any man whose lowering sun says his work is done, and he will tell you when and where he found his, and prove he built true thereto.

There was a time when children drew their patterns largely from the parents; but when the public school became our fifth vital organ they began drawing them largely from books. To-day books are to the brain, as bread to the body.

Many years ago a disease called pellagra broke out all over the South. Physicians diagnosed, knit brows and burned midnight oil, but one by one shook their heads and admitted they knew not the cause nor the cure. Meanwhile the disease was spreading and people dying. Finally a Chemist discovered that it was caused by eating corn bread made out of musty meal from the West.

As bad bread breeds bodily pellagra, bad books breed menta[1] pellagra. The crime wave now sweeping the country is mental pellagra, due largely to feeding the brain bad books. I so stated in my first book—"Footprints from the City to the Farm"—published in 1914, when the wave was starting. But the people would not pay any attention to me because they had been taught that a plow-pusher has not enough sense to be a pen-pusher. Their teachers had enough sense to look to us backwoodsmen for the best bread, but not enough to look to us for the best books. Like

carpenters claim a man cannot build a house without a union card, many teachers claim he cannot write a book without a college diploma.

In the above mentioned book I said we ought to go to putting our Army in order, for it was only a matter of time when we would have to help whip Germany. The teachers dubbed me an illiterate alarmist and wanted to use my book for kindling because I had not a diploma. A few months later Judge Hughes—then candidate for President—said in substance what I had said, and the teachers christened him the keystone of classics—because he had a diploma.

In my last book—"The Key to Contentment"—I gave a solution of the Mississippi River problem. What few read it said I was crazy, some going so far as to want to send me to the asylum—because I had not a diploma.

Two years later—Chas. Curtis—now Vice President—said in substance what I had said, and every Daily in America broadcast it inside of twenty-four hours—because he had a diploma.

I also said in "The Key to Contentment" that the solution of our social and industrial problems is in returning to sane, simple life on the farm. This, to many colleges and labor-employing plants, was shouting "school butter" to district schools. The Colleges were so afraid I would muffle their calls for youth to learn to live without labor, that they said they would spank me if they could find a place big enough to spank. And the labor employing enterprises were so afraid I would reduce the army of job seekers who

were keeping down the price of labor, that they said I ought to be put on a dirt floor in a log cabin, with only an ash-cake and gourd of buttermilk—because I had not a diploma.

Less than a year later President Hoover said in substance exactly what I had said, and in forty minutes newspapers were sending his sayings to the four quarters of the earth—because he had a diploma.

It was all in who said it. Because they had diplomas, their sayings flitted around on journalistic wings like autumn leaves. But because I was only a backwoods farmer—and proud of it—I stood no more show in the literary field than a legless man in a foot race.

But little did I walk the floor. I knew that no pen-pusher is more independent than the plow-pusher. I also knew that the last shall be first; that the stone the builders rejected would become the head of the corner; that the backwoods farmer's books would one day be wanted to brighten diplomaed brains.

Back in the days when we remembered Solomon—'way back when parents ruled the children—we ground clean, new corn in the little water mill and ate it in hot pones and milk-flooded mush. Then we did not have bodily pellagra.

In those days our log schoolhouses with clapboard roofs, puncheon floors and paneless windows, took youth to graduation with blueback spellers, McGuffy readers, Sanford arithmetics and Solomon rods. Then we did not have mental pellagra.

When we wanted to broaden social life, we went to log-rollings, corn-shuckings, wood-choppings and

candy-pullings. If at them we wanted a thrill that made one footlog look like two—and both wabble out from under us—we went to the brandy bottle.

But things have changed. "De old home ain't what it used to be." To-day when we want thrills that make henchmen heroes, we do not go to brandy bottles; we go to bad books.

For instance: One Sunday night in early winter a mentally weak youth in his twentieth year, attending a country school taught by a model city Miss, called her to the door of the country home where she was boarding and proposed marriage.

"Why, I never thought of such a thing!" she gasped, starting to slam the door in his face.

"Bang!" went his pistol, down she crumpled with a bullet through her brain, and away he went through the dark.

Next day the officers pulled him from hiding under some fodder in his father's tenant shack and started to the county seat. As they passed his home, his father stepped out, laid his hand on the prisoner's shoulder and said:

"Son, what has been done cannot be undone. The dead cannot be brought to life. The law has now taken you out of our hands, and all we can do is to prepare for the worst. But your Mama and I would like to know why you shot your teacher."

The son looked blankly, first at the officers and next at his father—then replied:

"Go read the book I borrowed from Jim Sikes. You will find it in my book-satchel. I killed her for

the same reason it says a young man out west killed his teacher."

Like the little boy found his pattern in the passing Doctor, this young murderer found his in the Jim Sikes book. For aught I know, a thousand young men have found theirs in the same book. Nobody knows—never will know.

Not all bootleggers are illiterate rough-necks, putting their brandy in bottles. Some are college-trained rough-necks, putting their booze in books. That youthful murderer was as drunk on the Jim Sikes book as if it had been booze. The only difference between booze drunkenness and book drunkenness is, the former goes to the gutter and behaves itself occasionally, while the latter continues right on in devilment.

It is far from me—forever far from me—to shorten my sword wielded these many years against the saloon, but I sometimes wonder if we would have less drunkenness if we returned brandy bottles to the larders and retired bad books from the libraries. I know not what others think about it, but so far as I am concerned, I am willing to meet the experiment half way.

Like the brandy bootleggers, the book bootleggers are psychological masters. They know how to commercialize the lad's inherent ambition to become a hero, and the lass's to become heroine. Like the picture shows, they pep their pernicious patterns with promises to bound them from obscurity and poverty up to fame and fortune—right now.

They say nothing about real heroes—the lads in

fertile fields fanned with fragrant breezes, plowing and hoeing rustling rows of tender green, exchanging whistles with bob-whites around the fences, and songs with the mockingbirds in the tops of the apple trees—broadening up to grace the crown of manhood. They point to the Fatty Arbuckles wallowing in the moral cesspools of the underworld, the Jack Dempseys in barbarian rings, the Leopolds and Loebs murdering and mutilating innocent little school children.

They say nothing about real heroines—the rosy-cheeked, berry-stained, brier-scratched lasses with milk-buckets on their arms, singing down the walnut-shadowed lane through the sunset songs of the spring brook frogs to tinkling bells at pasture gates—growing up to grace the crown of womanhood. They point to the powder-faced poodle kissers peddling matrimony for alimony, blushing blonds baiting with beauty to catch breach-of-promise balm, and brilliant brunettes breaking banks with blackmail.

What is true of books is doubly true of other publications. About the only way a bachelor can get a marriage license nowadays that is not a slow summon to the divorce court, is to select a bride whose name has never appeared in the "sassiety" columns.

America is drunk—not so much on liquor as on literature. We are wailing because law is failing, when we ought to be wailing because literature is failing. Liquor-loving literators have made the prohibitory law their favorite target for their pistol-like pens. With their literature for lead, and booze for blacks, they are starting the same kind of rebellion

that started in 1861. Firing on the prohibitory law is firing on Fort Sumter.

"But the prohibitory law cannot be enforced," the liquor-loving literators say. That is what the gangsters, hi-jackers, bank robbers and bomb throwers say. Who wants to speak in their language and fight in their army? It is their way of saying they do not want it enforced. If all who say it cannot be enforced helped to enforce it, about half the prohibition officers—from Washington to the wild—would go to the penitentiary, and the bootleggers and their silent partners—the boozers—would have no more standing in society than rabid hounds on a children's playgrounds.

Talking in favor of repealing the prohibitory law to-day is a sign of imbecility, insanity, or savagery—or all of them—because wants have widened. When we grandpas and grandmas were little boys and little girls, we were satisfied if old Santa brought a red apple and stick of candy. To-day little boys and little girls are not satisfied unless he brings a whole delicatessen and toy emporium. Like little boys and little girls have developed a mania for toys, men and women have developed a mania for thrills—such as are produced by liquor.

Liquor drinking breeds opium eating and opium eating breeds white slavery. They have become so inseparable that surrendering the prohibitory law would be surrendering the narcotic law, and surrendering the narcotic law would be surrendering the

white slave law. Who wants to rear a family where liquor, opium and white slavery have right-of-way?

"Oh, it is all right to keep liquor away from the negroes and poor white trash," say some, "but those who can afford it ought to have the right to keep it in their cupboards."

Our Constitution was not created to perpetuate autocracy. It sees no difference between priests and peasants—no difference between blue serge and blue overalls. Those who want it to see a difference ought to be banished for wanting to restore the divine rights of kings.

Society is founded on democracy and democracy on majority. The majority is the voice of the people, and the voice of the people is the voice of God. God put prohibition in the Constitution, and the minority's liquor-loving literators must not try to take it out with bullets. They must either go to Russia or obey the laws until the majority takes it out with ballots.

"But the prohibitory law is increasing crime," the liquor lovers say. They might as well say the pure food law is increasing disease. If we repealed the prohibitory law because it is violated, we would have to repeal all laws that are violated; and if we repealed all laws that are violated, we would not have anything left but anarchy.

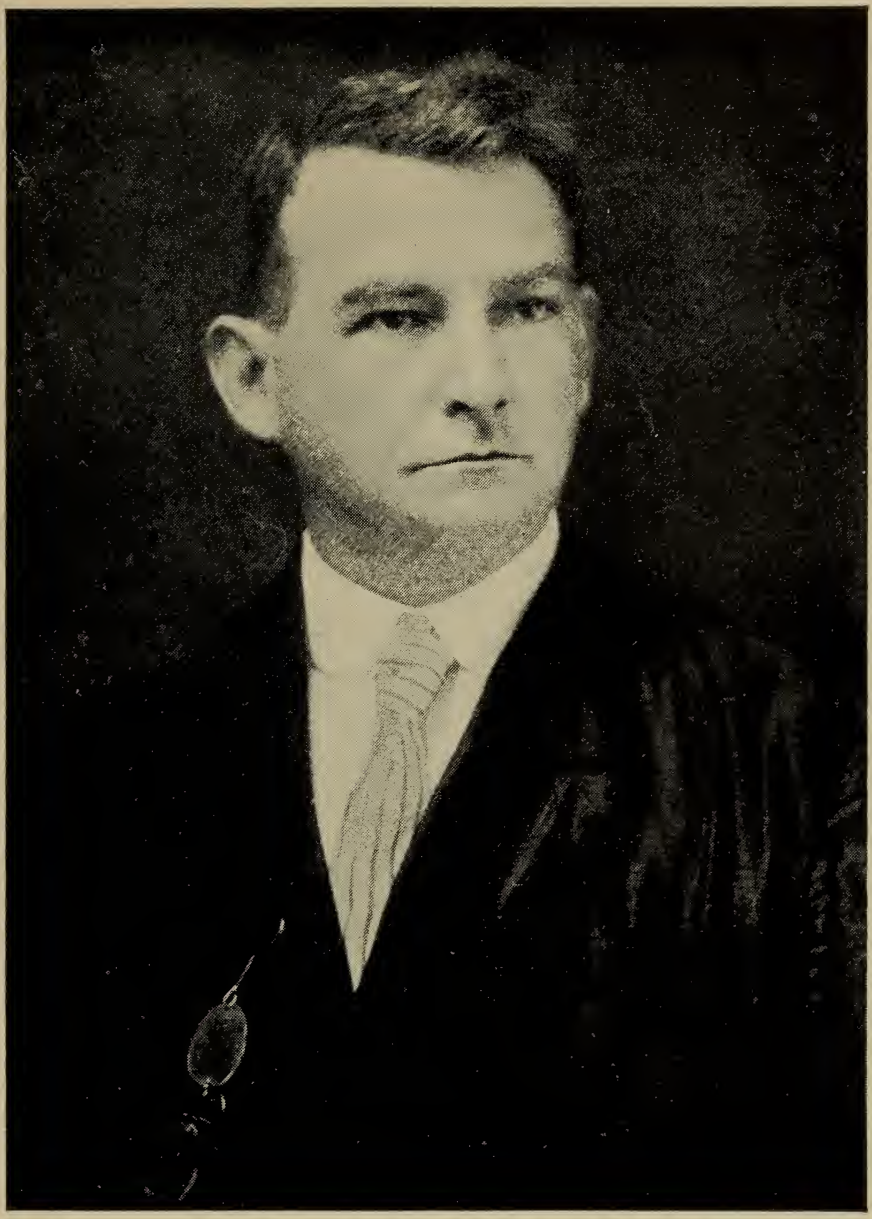
Our trouble is, the tail is awake, while the dog is asleep. The majority is no longer cutting the Mellons; the Mellons are cutting the majority. They have made their banks the ballot-boxes and are voting money in-

stead of men. If you want to know who will be the next president, there is no need of asking men; ask money.

They have the books, and books are mightier than bombs. They have started the pens of the John Ruskins and David Graysons to rusting, and launched those of their liquor-loving literators to full swing. And what is most distressingly strange, many of the puritanical pillars in both church and school are helping to crown them with fame and fortune for writing books that are more destructive to sane society and sound government than socialistic atheism. I wish I could show how many people even the "Life of Jesse James" has sent to the poorhouse, orphanage, reform school, asylum, penitentiary and electric chair. If I spoke in terms of coin, rather than of crime, it would daze us to hear how much it has cost in arrests, convictions, maintenance and man power.

I also wish I could show how Ben Lindsay's "Trial Marriage" is jarring society from safe moorings to the high seas of floating fallacies that are mocking matrimony, hoveling homes, hermaphroditing humanity and heading us toward the surrender of national pride and power through connubial anemia and race suicide.

But more dangerous than these, than any I know, even if it is least in size and circulation—is the heretofore mentioned Sidna booklet. "Coin's Financial School"—about the same size—was so false it could not stand up under a close reading, but if the two major parties had not fought it to a finish, it would have upset our whole financial system. What Coin



JUDGE WALLER R. STAPLES

"The Court was shot down in a moment of time, with a quickness and an accuracy of aim and action impossible to men acting under the impulse of surprise."

started out to do for currency, Sidna started out to do for courts. It is his side-show's ticket salesman saying in substance:

"Come right in and see the bullet-scarred hero of the Hillsville tragedy—also what he accumulated while in the penitentiary—worth a hundred thousand dollars."

Like the youthful murderer of his teacher found his pattern in the Sikes book, others may find theirs in the Sidna booklet. They may want to help massacre a Commonwealth's court, make a hundred thousand dollars and start a side-show.

A certain state paroles criminals on condition that they refrain from going before the public and commercializing their criminal notoriety. All states that fail to follow suit are guilty of moral turpitude, psychological imbecility, or criminal adherence to medieval errors.

Another certain state has banned the pictures of women smoking cigarettes. Virginia ought to go one better and ban Sidna's booklet. No state can consistently send missionaries to China, so long as it trains lasses to smoke cigarettes, and lads to massacre Commonwealth's courts.

Virginia ought to shake off more of her belief that it is all in the blood. There was a time when we thought a few drops from a F. F. V. was a through ticket on the pullman of life; but we have discovered that it takes none farther than she has taken her pistols —about half way. She has brought them from invisibility to visibility, and ought to take them on to the

anvil and beat them into pruning-hooks. Like she has brought her pistols, she has brought her health department—about half way. She is vaccinating the bodies, but not the minds. And yet one is as important as the other—if not more. I would vaccinate the minds first, because more people are cured by treating them than by treating the bodies. More people die of belief they have cancer than of having it. If you make a sick man believe he is going to die, you may as well send for the undertaker; while if you make him believe he is going to recover, you may as well dismiss the Doctor. As long as mind masters matter it will be in order to say—"According to your faith, so be it unto you."

While she is vaccinating her bodies against fever, she ought to vaccinate her minds against Sidna's fallacious booklet. Let Kansas explain why. When that state's governmental reins passed from the Republicans to the Populists, the latter soon revealed that they were sincere but socialistic—honest but ignorant. True to their campaign promises, they began to legislate toward a common financial level, by shifting the public's burden to the shoulders of the rich men. But this revealed a gaping gulf between theory and practice. It revealed that bending the oaks broke the ivy, and that the ivy is as important as the oaks. Mortgage and insurance companies began to leave the state, banks quit loaning, and everything began to totter. Finally a general meeting was called to figure out some way to stay on their feet. At the appointed hour, following a selection by the band, the sturdy chairman, a finan-

cial pillar from the school of experience and common sense, explained the object of the meeting—then told them that of late when he went east he registered from Missouri; that he had become ashamed to register from Kansas.

What the socialistic blunderers did for Kansas, Sidna's booklet is doing for Virginia—making the uninformed ashamed to register from there. A good name is worth more than gold. The loss of pride in native soil sends the Ship of State to the sand. If I believed the booklet, I would not want to register from Virginia. I would rather register from Arkansas. More than that, I would not live there. I would sell out, board the train and go to New York, New Jersey, New Hampshire, New Mexico or some other new place where the Commonwealth was not accused of trying to murder her best citizens.

It is sometimes a mistake to measure the many by the few. While I know, you know and Carroll knows that the booklet is a fountain of falsehoods, we are the unnoticed few. The many know so little about the Hillsville massacre that they could not be blamed for treating Sidna's account of it as true.

Another thing, like all other literary efforts designed to glorify self and fleece the uninformed, it is so tactfully tempered with truth and cunningly coated with Christianity that the unsuspecting ruralists would most likely give it place with religious literature.

Let the late Grady—Lincoln of the South—tell why the facts in the massacre ought to vaccinate rural life. Soon after the Civil War he went to Washington to

plead for the repeal or modification of a certain law he thought discriminated against Dixie. When he returned, an anxious delegation from several Southern states assembled on his lawn, one of whom mounted the granite steps and rang the door-bell, bringing him to the veranda.

"What did you learn up North?" rang out from the delegation. Mr. Grady looked meditatively at his audience a moment—then told them he learned that our government is not in Washington.

"Where is it?" excitedly asked a tall, chin-whiskered gentleman in long-tail coat, broad-brimmed hat and high-heeled boots, as if afraid it had been moved to Europe.

Mr. Grady straightened up as proudly as a Pershing, and with a broad smile, replied:

"I learned that what we call our government in Washington is in every home in Georgia—every home in America."

We must learn that as the body is no stronger than its arms and legs, the state is no stronger than its rural sections. A thorn in the little finger is as painful as if it were in the body and can come as near putting the body out of business. We may let a family name, or an imaginary drop of prehistoric blood blind us to the fact, but when we are going on the belief that the peasants at the heads of the creeks and along the border of the wild are not worth notice, our going is downward.

Under the law of dependence, the little homes along the country roads where bossies low, roosters crow and

potatoes grow are more important than the marble mansion along the big white way where bands play. The bright footway from the fruit-shadowed cottage to the oak-shadowed spring is more important than the hard-surfaced highway from New York to Boston. The wagon trail from the barnlot to the corn and pumpkin field is more important than the double-tracked railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And the soft, silent road from the corncrib to the little water mill is more important than the Cunard Steamboat Line from New York to London.

Utah knew the value of rural people, and sent her missionaries who preached them out of cabins in our Appalachian coves to her territory, where they were planted in adobe cots along irrigating ditches through her rural sections. If when they arrived the Assessor had called to list their property, he would have found them practically penniless, on a sandy desert covered with cactus, grease-wood and sage-brush.

But they were not a crew without a captain. Utah's eye was on them and her hand was holding theirs. Like the thorn in the little finger sends the pain to the body, the agricultural ignorance in the little adobe cots sent the pain to the mansions. Like the body stays in touch with the little fingers, the Capitol stayed in touch with the cabins. Every light in Salt Lake City gleamed in every little home from Logan to Juab and from Green river to Nevada. All alike, from body to little fingers, from Capitol to cabins, from president to peasants made aristocracy spell democracy and information dissemination. Dissemination developed co-

operation and coöperation carried them to leadership in social health and per capita wealth.

The stone that the builders rejected became the head of the corner. Our one-roomed peasants that the Mormons lured to Utah evolved from adobe cots to flowering homes surrounded by gorgeous gardens and alfalfa fields—made the desert blossom like a rose. What some of our peasants helped do for Utah, those we have left will help do for Dixie—under the same circumstances. But they are not under the same circumstances. The body is not staying in touch with the little fingers. The Capitol is not staying in touch with the cabins. The president is not staying in touch with the peasants. He is letting capitalistic exploiters —some from the North and some from Europe—lure our weaker brothers from small though potentially sweet homes made independent with cabbage and potato gardens and corn and pumpkin fields, in Appalachia's glorious outdoors, to hopeless life in newly built textile and tobacco factories in the Piedmont sections —remindful of traps set along the border of the buckwheat patch to catch innocent little quails.

At the same time these two industries are distressingly overdone. Hundreds of thousands of seasoned mill and factory hands are at this moment hanging around silent mill and factory gates pleading for a day's work to feed their underfed families. They have no money to buy potatoes nor to take them where they can grow them. They can hear "The Holy City" on the pipe-organ that their employer donated to the fashionable church on the corner, but it means little

to those who have neither vine nor fig tree under which to sing "Home, Sweet Home." They can hear the chimes of the college to which their employer gave three hundred thousand dollars for permission to engrave his name over the door, but they mean little to those who cannot buy books to send their children to the common school.

Old Dominion—the one-time governmental mother of Dixie—can put new laurels in her crown, by breaking ranks and measuring patriotism and prosperity by cozy cottages under fruit tree shade along the quiet country-sides, rather than by the length of sun-baked tenement rows around noisy mills and factories. If in addition she gleams agricultural and horticultural light into the rural sections from which industrial exploiters are luring the uninformed down to spasmodic employment and underpay—also shows the ruralists that she exterminated the Allen clan to make justice swift and sure on her soil; that she will spend her last cent—if necessary—to make sleep safe and sweet in her remotest cabin with but a chair against the door—all of her commoners will be prouder to register from Virginia.

They will be prouder to see her Golden-Rods around the corn-shocked fields nodding in autumn's aromatic breeze, and dust fogging up from wheat-sowers' drills. Prouder to hear after-supper toots of 'possum-hunters' horns mingling with the darkeys' corn-shucking songs. Prouder to hear old Drive and Drum and Ring and Tyler baying around wild-grape-cloaked saplings along the briery fences, and persimmon trees in the broom-

sedge fields. They will be so proud and prosperous that they will make all her rural sections blossom like a rose; so proud and prosperous that all Dixie will look to her with bared heads and help her sing from the soul:

"Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'taters grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to go."

REASONS REVEALED

HAVING shown why we want the facts in the Hillsville massacre to vaccinate every home in Virginia, I shall now show why we want them to vaccinate every home in America.

While up to this time I have not revealed the fact, my pen speaks officially for the Callers to Country Life, an organization dedicated to polishing and popularizing Appalachian homes. This naturally confines our activities largely to the remoter sections, where social lamps burn dimly and primitive practices prevail.

Like several other parts of the national whole we have overlooked in our rush for rainbow gold, these mountain sections—as heretofore shown—constitute our potential paradise. Like Ben Barton said, if we answered the clarion calls of their inspirational scenery and unsurpassed salubrity with bleating flocks, domestic fowls, commercial fruits and canning factories, they would be the pride of America and envy of the world.

God loves the mountains—so do his people. They treat every one in the Appalachians as a Mount Sinai, Mount Carmel, or a Mount Nebo. And people will ever worship in the mountains. No matter how far the cities wander away into the hopeless shadows of atheism nor how many colleges discredit Christ, there

will ever be preaching in the oak-shadowed churches, baptizings in the laurel-fringed creeks, and fathomless faith in immaculate immortality expressed in song and service by firesides, in fields and along footways and wheelways. As long as the mountain peaks point heavenward and the forest ridges roll awe-inspiringly through the roar of cascades, drums of pheasants and ripples of towhees to the smokeless horizon they will have the purest brooks and balmiest breezes; and as long as they have the purest brooks and balmiest breezes they will have the purest blood and brightest brains.

In their fruit-shadowed homes beside those babbling brooks and crystal creeks, where the only summer night scenes are moon and stars, and only sounds hoots of owls and whistles of whippoorwills, are plowboys and milkmaids who are America's diamonds—dressed. Their modest homes are our only national banks from which we can draw brains that can keep the Constitution the lamp to our feet, and governmental reins in Anglo-Saxon hands. Losing these sturdy plowboys and milkmaids is losing the Anglo-Saxon Race. And when once lost, it can never be found. Goldsmith spoke in the voice of all the Sages of all the centuries when he said:

"Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

When these plowboys and milkmaids bid their stepstones good-by and turn their faces toward the cities, leaving only the old folks to keep bossies lowing, roosters crowing and potatoes growing, a hand like that on Belshazzar's festive hall will write over America —"Gone into bankruptcy."

And yet bankrupting hands, like cat paws into the nightingales' nests in the apple orchard, are reaching into many sections and snatching away everything that makes mountain life self-sustaining and sweet. The New York lumber leeches are ruthlessly felling our forests, and every towering tree they topple tells with a jar that its equal will never rise in its place.

At the same time New York coal kings are cornering and emptying our vaults of black diamonds that Nature stored to the credit of Appalachia's unborn babes, to equalize them with those of the fertile plains. Every vault they open to-day makes the Appalachians poorer and the New Yorks richer; fills more tenement rows around their mines and empties more homes up the creeks.

And what is worse, they want to empty them. When we took our literature into some of their domains to advocate more homes, more bleating flocks, more domestic fowls, more commercial fruits and more canning factories, they fought it on the ground that it might reduce their army of employment seekers who are keeping down wages, also put teeth in the employed's demands for regular employment and better working conditions.

Such coal kings are to communism as cause to ef-

fect. They are so patriotic that they want us to help banish the communists, while they breed communists. Emptying homes is filling communistic halls. Red rags ripple over rented houses, but American flags fly over homes.

I am not afraid of buzzards, but I am afraid of the filth on which they feed. I am not afraid of the communists, but I am afraid of the capitalistic tyrants that breed communists. When we burn the carcasses the buzzards disappear; and when we banish the capitalistic tyrants communism will disappear.

Forty years ago our creek was crystal and full of fish, and forests gigantic and full of game. Every family lived in a log home, with bacon in the smokehouse, corn in the crib, hay in the mow, honey in the hives, and milk and butter in the springhouse. All were declarations of independence—all singers of "Home, Sweet Home." But like Goldsmith further says:

"Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires, that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more."

To-day our creek is so full of coal-dust that it is black as ink, the fishgigs forgotten, the forests felled, the squirrel-rifles rusting, the homes empty, the fields filled with bushes and briers, the fences rotted down,

and many of the former owners are nomadic coal miners, living from hand to mouth, chugging their children around in ramshackle automobiles from coal camp to coal camp—all helping to send about everything in their sections to New York banks, but stumps on the surface and holes in the ground. These are alarming heritages to pass to children on whom our children will have to depend to help keep Old Glory flying, school and church bells ringing and patriotic graves green.

While our forests are falling and vaults of black diamonds emptying, corn liquor and other criminal clans, like the one-time Allen clan in Carroll, are popping their mailed fists in the face of every uplifting movement, thereby holding our plowboys and milkmaids on the border of social, educational and legal bankruptcy. For these reasons the Callers to Country Life want to herald the facts in the Hillsville massacre as a Macedonian cry for national help to scourge our isolated sections of lawless clans and lift the governmental reins into three-degree hands.

This cry ought to go to the cities first; not only because they are as dependent upon these isolated sections as sailors upon ships, but also because they have some human rats that we ought to help them exterminate.

Let me give an example: Last autumn a motherly little uplifter called on a certain soil-and-city sapper who grabs gold between golf games, to request him help put a circulating library in her isolated section. He stopped his adding-machine and looked ferociously

at her, biting his lip, until she told her story—then resumed pecking on his machine saying sneeringly:

"What have I to do with them mossbacks? I'm not a farmer—I live here in the city."

The soil and city ought to join hands—or feet—and with the toes of belligerent brogans, tell him and his kind that the farm is the fountain of life; that whoever loses interest in the soil loses his right to stay on the earth longer than to pack his grip. They also ought to tell them that when they gladden the city with their breathless calls for the undertaker to give them their last ride, he cannot consistently repose them under evergreen shade on Mother Earth's blossoming bosom; that he ought to surrender them to the buzzards.

They still further ought to show them that while those sordid scavengers are breaking their sanitary laws in the devouring of them, the city will be rejoicing over the loss of rats from the pantry, and the soil over the loss of weasels from the barnyard.

I often wonder why sociologists do not give a formula for freeing society from these human rats. They have given one for freeing us from four-legged ones—why not one for freeing us from two-legged ones? The trouble is, they have forgotten Moses and remembered Aaron—made their measuring rod the golden-rod. Take two examples:

A certain bootlegging rat who had amassed a fortune by financing moonshiners and wholesaling their moonshine, was made church deacon. A band of

brethren went to the pastor and protested, saying the new deacon would disrupt the organization.

"I know he is not perfect," replied the pastor, "but the church needs his money."

In the same city a commercial rat opened a store on the busiest street, and by falsifying, flim-flamming and famishing his family, accumulated more money than the leading banker. Even then he was threatened with heart failure every time his wife wanted to pay more than two dollars for an Easter hat, but all the other ladies bought hats like hers—because she was the wife of the most money.

It makes no difference how much money rats have, they ought not be allowed to gallop around in the pantry. The Sociologists have become mineralogists and gone to looking for gold mines. They must learn that those who save society are so busy making men, that they have little time to make money; that the one-mule farmer who leaves his family to wield the hoes, while he plows his sick neighbor's corn, is worthier of emulation and laurels than all the Henry Fords in America.

It is not for me to say how to free society from these human rats, but if we boycotted and blacklisted all who help self by hindering others; if we threw all our patronage to those who help self by helping society, we could put a new holiday on the calendar and go to celebrating the survival of the fittest.

Now on with our Macedonian cry for help to bring the rural Appalachians into their own.

Not many moons ago a certain collegian on a college platform told his scholastic audience that he did not want to hear of the past; that his life was in the future. His belief that he had much learning made him so mad he did not know it, but he who knows nothing about the past knows nothing about the future; and he who knows nothing about the future is a jack o' lantern doddling around in the dark, braying like a jackass.

Jackasses do not know it, but there must be a cause before there can be effect—a lamp before there can be light. The past is the library in which the departed uplifters are the literary lamps that light the future. Among them are Judge Thornton L. Massie, W. M. Foster, L. F. Webb, A. C. Fowler, and Miss Betty Ayers. They are contributing a part of the light by which we are singing "Safe within the Vale" and "Palms of Victory."

But lamps without oil are out—victories forgotten are lost. When the Hebrews forgot Moses they started back into bondage; when the churches forgot Christ they started back into religious commercialism; when we forgot Jefferson we started back into racial and religious intolerance; when we forgot Lincoln we started back into fettering with tenantry; when we forgot Sherman we started back under the yoke of the trusts; when we forgot Roosevelt we started back to building political machines; and when we forget that Judge Thornton L. Massie, W. M. Foster, L. F. Webb, A. C. Fowler and sweet little Betty Ayers were cruci-

fied on the cross of the Allen clan, there will be more clans crucifying Commonwealth Courts.

Perpetuating the memory of these has an opposing wind. When the Lord says let there be light, Lucifer says let there be darkness. While we would remember these lamps, Sidna Allen would have us forget them. Not satisfied with having numbered his bullets among the first that nailed them to the cross, he is now broadcasting his blasphemous booklet designed to commercialize their crucifixion and lower their lights to mere stumbling-stones and false guide-boards for posterity.

The only way these illustrious lamps can light posterity safely past the future's pitfalls is for us to keep them filled with the oil of memory; and the only way we can pour in the oil is with the pen; put them in literature and pass them into the libraries. Then, though they be dead, they will still speak—speak as long as the English language is spoken—speak until Time is handed back to Eternity.

As before stated, Sidna Allen has already sent forth his booklet designed to put his clan above the Commonwealth's Court. We Callers to Country Life are sending forth this book to put the Commonwealth's Courts above clans. The more of Sidna's booklets going forth, the harder to make justice swifter and life safer; while the more of our books going forth, the easier to make justice swifter and life safer. Who will help put these and similar books from the same pen in every home?

We Callers to Country Life see that it is up to us.

It is a case where many are called, but few chosen. Many want a better government, but want "them" to make it better. They want the laws enforced, but want "them" to enforce them. They want life and property safe, but want "them" to make them safe. They want "them" to make men while they make money—"them" to glorify God while they grab gold and growl at the government.

Thus has ever stood and thus will ever stand the human family—some wise and some foolish—some social and some selfish—some saying "let us" and some saying "let them." The Callers to Country Life's motto is—"It is up to us." If you are a bird of our feather you ought to flock with us. Soldiers can fight better organized. I cannot conceive of a higher privilege than that of soldiership in the army that subordinates self to society, politics to principle, and creeds to the American Constitution.

"For when the one great Scorer comes,
To write against your name,
He writes not that you won or lost,
But how you played the game."

We solicit your soldiership in playing this glorious game. You ought to participate in the joys of heralding the facts in the Hillsville massacre into every home, to check disintegration into lawless clans and lift governmental reins to three-degree hands.

There is not only joyous patriotism in disseminating these facts, but it is a solemn duty. Our debt to the

past and future will not be paid until we help all to rise as one man and one woman and stamp the imprints of their angry heels on Sidna's venomous little volume as a national guaranty that Carroll's crucified shall shine undimmed up through all the centuries. That their bronze shall stay burnished and their graves green; that their hilltop home in the silent city of marble and myrtle shall stay sacred and their sleep sweet. That no sound, save that of truth, shall mingle with the coos of their doves and nocturnal notes of their nightingales until seraphic songs and rousing welcomes open their eyes up Yonder.

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